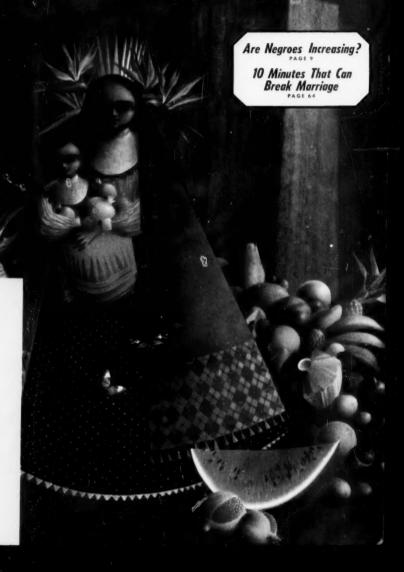
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Cover painting: 'Madonna of the Fruits' by Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo

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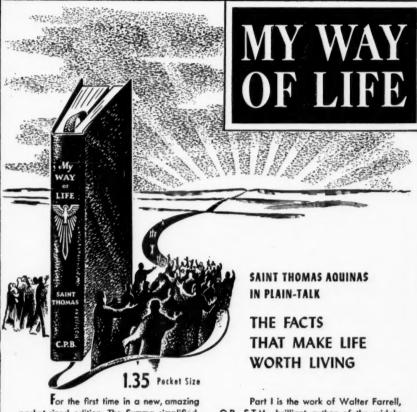
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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Phillippians, Chapter 4).

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the Open Door

EVERY YEAR, come the Friday after Thanksgiving, my non-Catholic dad delighted in gently teasing his Cath-

olic family. Only he could indulge in the delicious remains of the turkey; that is, until the time his usual "fun and fill" brought on sharp pains that

sent him to the hospital.

It was ptomaine poisoning from Friday turkey. Because we loved my father so much, the idea of the joke being on him did not enter our heads. But he saw the humor of it, and told the story to our new assistant, Father Mulvahill. The ice thus broken between them, the incident led to a close friendship between father and the priest.

The following Thanksgiving Friday, my Catholic father joined us in

creamed tuna on toast.

Sister M. Christopher, I.H.M.

THE FAITH was a dominant force in the lives of the people of Oromocto in New Brunswick in grandma's day—so dominant, in fact, that non-Catholic grandma came into the Church by smoothing the way for her Catholic children.

Grandfather was a God-fearing man, determined to make good Catholics of his six children, who attended the near-by public school. His work required lengthy absences, but he would teach them their catechism when at home, and demanded that it be memorized thoroughly while he was away.

Grandmother, a staunch adherent of her own church, did not like to hear the children reprimanded by their exacting father upon his returns home, so she drilled them herself. Years of such catechizing taught her the truths of the faith; God's grace found her receptive.

One morning she donned her bonnet, and, without a word to grandfather, set out on the 12-mile trek to the church. She weakened, and returned. Some weeks later, she went all the way, and thenceforward led

the life of a model Catholic.

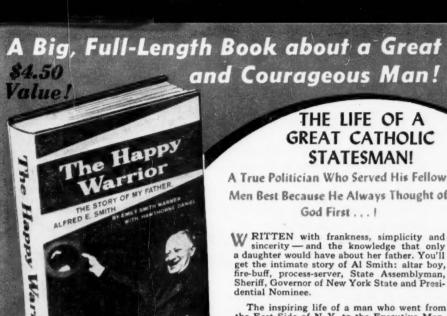
A Sister of Mercy.

My GIRL friend's father died, leaving his wife with nine children to support. He was highly esteemed by his coworkers, and many, most of them non-Catholics, came to his funeral.

So consoling was the doctrine ably expounded by the priest in his sermon, that it deeply impressed one of the men from the plant, a Mason. Directly after the Mass, this man called upon a friend whose brother is a priest. He arranged to meet the priest. Now, less than a year later, the man, his wife, and their five children are all Catholics.

Seven new Catholics—because a priest could explain why God in his providence called the father of a large family! Mary Thérèse Daly.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.]



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Advent: a Time of Longing

It looks to the second, triumphant coming of Christ

A GOOD MANY people regard Advent as a sort of "Lent-like" preparation for Christmas. So they cut out partygoing, weekday movies, maybe some fancy food, and thus—as they say—build a

crib in their hearts for the Infant Jesus. The penances are wood, nails, and straw of which to build that crib. They give a dramatic touch to the whole by spiritual play-acting; the four weeks "symbolize" the 4,000 years from the sin of Adam and Eve to the birth of the Saviour. In other words, Advent puts them mentally back into Old Testament times.

But was this what the Church had in mind when she first established Advent? We have some authoritative sources in which to look for the answer: the official prayer books of the Church. A close look will improve the common idea of Advent. It will show us that Advent is not a symbolical acting out of the coming of Christ to an unredeemed people; it is not a daydreaming time for pious souls. There is a second and much more authentic approach to Advent.



In the liturgy, the call to penance, to change of heart, to preparation, is for Christ's second coming or, as the Greek word says, to his Parousia. He will come then as judge and victor. In the Advent liturgy there is no pretending that the world is as yet unredeemed; no prayers that read as though the Infant hadn't been born 1956 years ago! It is not a soulful and tender reminiscing over an event we missed by being born in the wrong period of history. It is a fearless forward looking toward Judgment day, the day of final deliverance.

Advent, in the liturgy, is unlike most popular devotions, which change abruptly. On the 31st day of one month you are in such and such a devotion, and at midnight you change to another month's devotion. But you do much the same thing at specified intervals all over

^{*1700} W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill. November, 1955. © 1955 by Today Magazine, and reprinted with permission.

again, in a disconnected and unrelated way. The Fathers of the Church who fashioned our liturgy built half the year around Advent. They introduced Advent ideas at the beginning of fall, right after the Ember days, on the 18th Sunday after Pentecost.

Unless you are very unobservant, you must notice that the Mass texts are not thrown together haphazardly; rather, you see that there is a prevailing mood; that the readings and prayers are sometimes like sound and echo, like problem and answer, like call and response, like melody and variation, like one tune played in different keys. Take the last Sunday after Pentecost and the first Sunday in Advent; they have the same Gospel topic but a difference in mood: one stern and harsh, the other hopeful and joyful. And the precursor, John the Baptist, plays an outstanding role in two subsequent Sundays in Advent.

Mass texts, it is true, are clipped from the Bible in the order of chapter and verse, but special verses are chosen. Some very subtle minds—Sts. Jerome and Damasus perhaps—did the clipping and pasting of sections of psalms, prophets, Apostles, and Gospels with an idea. Maybe the idea was only vaguely conceived, a sort of prevailing mood. But anyone using these texts with sensitivity must some time in his life see that there is a haunting melody in the bass—strong, powerful, and awesome—that sounds

through all the trills, the chords, the fiddling and strumming on the surface. It is not the tune *Silent Night*. Christmas and Epiphany fit into an older and more authentic composition, not based on folk lore, recent tradition, and nostalgic sentiment.

If we emphasize overmuch the consolation, the refuge, the crutch character of religion, we will never be able to get past sentiment. The dynamic part of faith that makes apostles and conquerors out of sinners does not spring from religious practices that dwell too much on feeling. I say that the true Advent interpretation substitutes a more comprehensive, more profound contemplation for a less profound, but more soothing contemplation.

If we make our Advent look to Christ's second coming we find in its prayers a triumphal, conquering, victorious aspect glowing with hope borne up by faith and love. We can see in it all the things that give St. Paul's Epistles and the Apocalypse their fascination. The spring-summer cycle of the Church year is built around Christ as crucified and risen Redeemer. That cycle is older and easier to grasp. The Advent (fall and winter) cycle is more subtle, because it conjures up before our dim vision an image of the future painted with the material of the past: the second coming seen in and through the first coming, his return reflected in his birth, his Church in Mary, his flash-like appearance on the last day shining through the three Epiphanies.

The Advent liturgy is like a beautiful stained-glass window: while we see its color and its design we know that behind it is the real light, the sun. Thus we see during the Advent period the Nativity, the three Epiphanies, but we know that they are only refracted, broken light from the one true *Parousia*, the coming Lord of the Universe.

The deep longing of the Propers of the Advent Masses, the hymns, the antiphons, especially the O Antiphons (Dec. 17 to 24), the haunting Rorate caeli, lead us to the Christ of heavenly reality, greater than in his life, the coming victor. "Maranatha, Domine Jesu," as the Apocalypse concludes: "Come, Lord Jesus."

John the Baptist again, as in history, prepares the way of the Lord as a voice crying in the wilderness. From the many readings of Isaias the prophet all through the Advent Offices we learn how to long in spirit for the "Presence." Sweetness comes from her who mirrors the Church and Bride: the Virgin Mother who is prominent in the texts of Advent.

Thus Advent is the slow and gradual burgeoning of a longing for heaven, a time to learn expectation and true hope, live and warm, real and yearly renewed. Without hope there is neither faith nor charity. If we yield to the flow of prayer, sentiment, and thought from the sacramental books of the Church, there will indeed be a "happy Christ-Mass."



· In Our Parish ·

In our parish the pastor, preparing to redecorate the sanctuary, had gathered his altar boys to take the movables to the rectory to protect them from damage.

The boys went at the work with enthusiasm. Before Father knew it, one little fellow was staggering down the aisle with the big altar Missal and its bulky stand. The farther he walked, the harder it got to carry, but instead of putting it down, he started to run with it.

No sooner had he got out the door than there was a big crash. When Father arrived on the scene, he found a woman sitting on the sidewalk, her bundles scattered around her. She was glaring up at the little fellow, still balancing his gigantic book, and saying, "Why can't you read comic books like other little boys?"

LeRoy J. Hebert

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

The Negro-White Problem:

Are Negroes Increasing Faster Than Whites?

Sixth in a series of articles on the Catholic Digest survey of the race problem in the U.S.

F

IRST THING WE know, Negroes will be the dominant race. They'll overrun the white people in this country."

That's one of the cherished weapons in the arsenal of the race-problem alarmist. Maybe it doesn't hold quite so high a place in his affections as "How would you like to see your sister marry a Negro?" or "A Negro's all right as long as he keeps his place"; but it's right up there near those favorites.

One of the reasons why whitesupremacy zealots have found the argument effective is that so many people (including unprejudiced people) are willing to grant the premise on which it rests: an assumption that the Negro population is growing faster than the white population in the U.S.

Field researchers sent out by Ben Gaffin & Associates, the research agency which has conducted The Catholic Digest survey on the Negro-White problem, put this question to people throughout the country: "Forty years ago, one person in ten in the U.S. was a Negro. Do you think that today one in ten, more than one in ten, or fewer

than one in ten people in the U.S. are Negroes?"

It was found that majorities of all groups, whites and Negroes, have the idea that the Negro population is increasing faster than the white. Two-thirds (68%) of all Negroes and almost as high a proportion (57%) of all whites think that Negroes make up more than a tenth of our national population today.

But people who have that idea are wrong. The Negro population is not increasing faster than the white population.

Census figures over the last six decades indicate that the Negro population has leveled out at about 10% of the total population.

1900	11.6%	1930	9.7%
1910	10.7	1940	9.8
1920	9.9	1950	10.0

One may find fault with the census figures in one respect. It is known that an undetermined number of Negroes in the U.S. regularly pass as whites. But it still is evident that the recognizable Negro population is not increasing nationally. Of course, the Negro population does not remain con-

Question: "Forty years ago, one person in ten in the U.S. was a Negro. Do you think that today one in ten, more than one in ten, or fewer than one in ten people in the U.S. are Negroes?"

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			Λ	10			No				
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Whites55%					% 7	70 89	Ja 22%				
	12	9		68		8	20				
	11	10		57		8	25				
	7	6		63		6	24				
	15	11		65		13					
	14	10		57		10	26				
	9			66			21				
		7				6					
	6	9		65		9	18				
	12	9	24	65		8	19				
Mixed areas49	10	10	31	53	4	10	33				
	NOR'	THERN		NEGRO	ES	SOUT	HERN				
Negroes	99	6 4	% 20	% 68	% 8	% 59	619%				
	10	4	16	65	11	6	18				
Women64	9	4	23	70	6	5	19				
Larger cities67	9	3	21	63	8	5	24				
Smaller & rural69	10	8	13	71	9	6	14				
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stant in particular places. Because of continuous Negro migration within the U.S., the ratio of Negroes to whites has been increasing markedly in northern industrial cities, decreasing in the South.

It is likely that many people think that the Negro population as a whole is increasing because they have heard that Negroes have a high birth rate. Negroes are not actually so prolific as is generally supposed. On the average, each nonwhite woman in this country has about 3.3 children, while each white woman has about 2.7 children. Adjusted for differences in death rates between the races, this means that nonwhites are almost doubling (1.89) their number in a generation, while whites are increasing by about one and a half times (1.51).

But another important factor in the growth of our population must not be overlooked: immigration. White immigration to the U.S. keeps the Negro-White ratio fairly constant.

The fallacy that Negroes are growing relatively more numerous is held by 55% of the white people and 67% of the Negroes in the North; by 63% of the whites and 68% of the Negroes in the South. Some fairly wide differences of opinion can be observed between specific groups of whites and Negroes; but none of those differences is as striking as the fact that in every group the great majority share the basic misconception about the Negro-White ratio.

In the North, white segregationists are more likely to have that misconception than are white desegregationists (69% as against 49%). Northern whites who have been identified as "most prejudiced" in earlier stages of the survey are more likely to share the misconception than are the "least prejudiced" whites (64%–49%).

But percentages for other groups show that the idea can hardly be tagged as a reliable symptom of anti-Negro sentiment; for on the whole, in both the North and the South, it is held by more Negroes than whites! Nearly three-fourths (73%) of northern-born Negroes think that the proportion of Negroes in the population is greater than one in ten. These figures clearly point up the fact that two persons may harbor the same incorrect notion for somewhat different reasons, and may respond emotionally to that notion in entirely different ways.

The widespread idea that Negroes are much more prolific than whites probably accounts in part—though only in part—for the results obtained in response to the next question: "Do you think that smaller families for Negroes help, hurt, or make no difference in solving the Negro-White problem?"

It was found that a majority of whites and of northern Negroes think that smaller families for Negroes would help to solve the race problem. Southern Negroes almost as often say that smaller families would make no difference to the problem.

	Whites	Neg	roes
Non	th South	North	South
Help56		53%	46%
No difference30	22	3.3	41
Hurt 3	3	5	6
No opinion11	11	9	7

Views of whites on the question of smaller families for Negroes are not greatly different whether they are segregationists or desegregationists, highly prejudiced or not. The widest difference is only ten percentage points between the most prejudiced and the least prejudiced southerners (68% and 58%, respectively, say that smaller Negro families would help).

It is important to remember here that in all parts of the survey dealing with suggested solutions to the Negro-White problem, persons interviewed were usually not asked what they themselves desired or preferred. They were asked whether they thought a given course of action would hasten or hinder solution of the problem.

The attitude toward smaller families for Negroes revealed by the survey is undoubtedly tied up with hopes of reducing poverty, slums, and related conditions. It does not always arise from apprehension over possible shifts in population ratios. But whenever the advocate of smaller families for Negroes begins to talk darkly about the white population's being "overrun" by Negroes, he gives himself away. He reveals that his mind is playing host to two undesirable guests: the racial-prejudice virus, and a popular fallacy.

'Just Ask for Wooly'

He quarreled with everyone else; why was he so kind to me?

C AN'T the most

AN'T YOU SEE nothin' at all?" the cab driver burst out almost belligerently.

"Not a thing."

"Well, I swear," he said, his voice changing to one of delight. "Can't see a thing, eh?"

"Nope," I answered defensively, ruffled that he seemed so outrageously pleased over the fact that his passenger was a blind man.

As we drove toward town, he drew me into conversation with all the verve of a child with a new toy, and my resentment faded to vague curiosity. At least his enthusiasm for my blindness was a new experience, a change from the ordinary reactions of men.

He talked incessantly, gleefully, over his shoulder to me in the back seat, and I began to suspect that we were not going directly to town.

"Are you sure we're headed for mv-?"

"You're not in no hurry, are you?" he interrupted.

"Not particularly, but-."

"Well, I thought you might get a kick out of going in through the park. Everything's in bloom down there now. You can smell the blossoms."

"But that's way out of the way."
"I'm not going to charge you extra—just for the straight trip."

After a moment he pulled the



cab off the road and skidded his tires to a halt on the gravel shoulder.

"Hop out, man."

"What for?"

"Come on, man," he said, slam-

John Howard Griffin became blind in 1947 as the result of combat injuries suffered during the 2nd World War.

*411 W. 59th St., New York City 19. August, 1956. © 1956 by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle in the State of New York, and reprinted with permission.

ming his door and opening mine. "There's a great big old wild plum tree over here just covered with blossoms. Come on. I'll take you over and you can smell it."

I started to protest, but he was so pleased with his idea that I didn't have the heart. He grabbed my elbow to help me out and I sensed an immense, whisky-scented warmth in front of me. I let him half-lead, half-drag me across the gravel path to the tree. Its fragrance settled over me, and I could hear the accelerating drone of bees in its branches.

"Take a whiff of that, man," he urged in a croaking voice that sounded strangely gentle. Holding the back of my head with one hand, he shoved a blossom-covered branch against my nose. "Ain't that the sweetest thing?"

"It sure is."

"I thought you'd maybe get a kick out of that. There's not nothin' smells so sweet as wild plum blossoms."

When we started up again, I discovered that I was sitting beside him, that he had put me in the front seat.

In town, he would not let me go into the stores alone, as I am accustomed to do. He insisted on parking the cab; and then, with a death grip on my arm, he hauled me around. This kept me off balance and made me even clumsier than I would ordinarily be. I was on the verge of telling him that I could walk much better without help, when he said,

"I really know how to take care of you, don't I?" with such eagerness that I couldn't find it in me to contradict him.

When he finally left me at my home, he said, "Look, call for me anytime. Just ask for Wooly. Tell them I'm the only one that knows how to take care of you."

"I'll do that," I said.

"Now, don't forget, will you?" It seemed to me that he was almost pleading with me. "Just call for Wooly."

For a moment I thought about his reaction and his attitude with bewilderment, and then I forgot it under the pressure of the day's work.

Late in the afternoon I called for a cab to take me to a restaurant for supper. It did not occur to me to ask for Wooly. The cab pulled up in the driveway and honked, and I went out to get in.

"Hi-yuh, Buddy. Gimme five!"

"Five what?" I asked, recognizing with a mixture of pleasure and irritation Woolv's coarse-grained voice.

"Five fingers. Shake hands, man," he shouted, as though I were his greatest friend. I shifted my cane to my left hand and offered him my right one. He pumped it for a moment, and then once again put me in the front seat.

He explained that he had heard my address called out over the shortwave radio system, and that he had broken in on the circuit to tell the dispatcher that I was blind and that he wanted to take the call. His exaggerated delight in my company

once again mystified me.

When we stopped at the restaurant, he grew serious for the first time. He was trying to say something which was obviously painful for him.

"Do you—you know—imagine in your mind what people look like?"

"Not any more. I used to when I first lost my sight, but I never even think about it anymore."

"Well, how do you imagine somebody then?" he asked slowly.

"Oh, just by the way he acts."
"Well, how would you think I look?"

"Why, I don't know. I can tell you're a big man, and you're strong and probably overweight."

"That's right. But what about my

face?"

"I expect you've got a big, heavyset face—probably red-nosed from your drinking."

"Do you think it's a good face?"

"Oh, I know it's a good face."
"Boy," he chuckled. "I don't

know how you do it."

For several weeks, although I never asked for him, Wooly would break in whenever he heard my address over the dispatcher's radio, and take the call. Each time, whether tight or sober, he acted the same, with such delight that I became more and more mystified. Several times he took me through the park, and after the first few rides, I had to force him to take the fare; he

didn't want to charge me for the ride.

All this played such a small part in my life that I gave it little thought. I rather enjoyed it and was as pleasant as possible in an off-hand way, but I was always more or less embarrassed by Wooly's effusiveness.

Then one day I called for a cab and another driver came for me. I wondered about it, but didn't say anything because it really wasn't important one way or the other.

However, when this happened several times, and I was surprised to note that I was missing our strange trips together, I began to fear that something had happened to Wooly.

I decided to call the manager of the cab company. I picked up the phone and dialed the number.

"Do you know a driver there named Wooly?" I asked, feeling somewhat foolish.

"Yeah?"

"Well, he used to drive me a good bit, and—."

"Don't worry. He won't any more," he snapped. "We fired him a few weeks back."

"What for?"

"Are you kidding? Didn't you call in to complain?"

"No-he was always nice to me."

"I never heard of him being nice to anybody. He was a hothead. We lost too much business on account of him."

"Well, I can't understand that.

He was wonderful to me. Do you know where he is?"

"Sure don't. I think he left town. He never stayed in any one place very long."

"Why not?"

"Couldn't hold a job. He couldn't

get along with anybody."

I thanked him and was about to hang up when it occurred to me to ask, "Say—do you know where he lived here?"

"I think he had a room over at the old Majestic, but I'm sure he's

gone now."

The next time I rode a cab, I asked the driver about Wooly. He affirmed what the manager had said: that nobody could stand Wooly, that he was the hardest man to get

along with he'd ever seen.

Was this the same man who had made me smell the plum blossoms, who had offered to take me fishing, who had treated me with the greatest generosity? As my bewilderment grew, so did my determination to solve the riddle. I decided to go down to the skid-row hotel and see if I could uncover the answer there.

The desk clerk talked through loose-fitting false teeth, in an over-

the-counter, conniving way.

"He was kinda hermit-like," he said. "He didn't never talk to nobody, never sat down here in the lobby like the others—nothing like that."

"What did he do in the evenings?" I asked.

"Oh-every day he'd come in aft-

er work, about 6 or 6:30. He'd buy a sandwich and a bottle of milk over at the cigar stand behind you. And he'd get a newspaper. And I believe that was all. Then he'd carry all of that and go right on up to his room and stay by hisself."

He said Wooly had no personal possessions except a small bedside radio, "and you could hear it playing those moony, sadlike music pro-

grams late at night."

"Didn't he have any family?"
"Not's I know of. He sure never

had any company."

"Is that all you know about him?"
"That's about all. He just didn't

have anything to do with anybody. Oh—but about once a week, he'd come down about ten at night and walk across the street there to the Palace and see the late movie."

I left the hotel full of guilt that I had once been so irritated by the lonely man's overtures of friendship. His life was becoming known to me in fragments of information, and it was forming a desolate picture. Yet there had never been any hint of that with me, nothing but good humor and a childish affection which I had not bothered to return.

He was really three different persons, from what I could gather. On the job he was an active bully, thoroughly detested by all who knew him. At the hotel he was a solitary, keeping to himself, eating his sandwich and milk in his room alone, listening to his bedside radio, going out to break the monotony occa-

sionally with a late movie. With me he was all sunlight and happiness. I thought of him very often, and it became a matter of routine for me to ask whichever driver I happened to be riding with anything he might know about Wooly.

Not long ago, when I was talking with one of them and hearing again that Wooly was the surliest of men, the question popped out. "Well, what did he look like? I mean, what kind of an expression did he—?

"Oh, he was uglier'n sin."

"He was?"

"Lord, yes. He had that great big red scar running clear across his face, you know."

"A scar?"

"Yeah—it was awful. You only had to look at him to get cold chills, and when he smiled, you'd get sick."

I didn't ask any more questions. I got sick for a different reason, because I hadn't known. As I thought

about it, I realized that there was the answer, the missing fragment. Wooly was on the defensive against people who drew back in horror from his deformity. It soured him with people until he apparently hated the whole world because the world could not see beyond a man's face. That explained his jubilation that I could not see, his expansive happiness in my company.

All of them had said that I really didn't know Wooly, but now I am sure that I am the only one who did know him; for in all that lonely life of his, the only time when he could really be what he was as a man were those moments spent with

Only then was the tremendous barrier of his defensiveness against his ugliness made unnecessary. With me he was like any other man. With me, he must have realized that his face couldn't blind me to the quality of his heart.



me.

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

One of the most bizarre criminal trials of modern times was held recently in Poland. It was revealed that Wladyslaw Mazurkiewicz, a 48-year-old ex-army officer, had murdered six people and had a go at two others. (He has since been accused of 50 other unsolved murders.) Mazurkiewicz murdered for money, usually first luring his victims into black-market deals.

Only when a bungled murder attempt tripped him up did police get curious about him and discover bodies buried beneath his garage. That raised the embarrassing question of why there had been no earlier investigation into the disappearances of Mazurkiewicz's victims. It was finally admitted that so many people in Red-dominated Poland are snatched away by the secret police that it never occurred to anyone to suspect foul play by private enterprise.

Reported in *Time* (27 August '56).

It's Your Vote-Use It!

Nonvoters have no right to criticize

HE EARNEST young man had won his American citizenship a few months before and had just participated in his first election—anywhere. "It felt good to vote," he said. "Where I come from, nobody votes. Here, I looked forward to it as a real opportunity, and I was proud when I cast my ballot. Voting is my way of doing something for the privilege of being an American. What kind of a country would this be if people didn't vote?"

This young man was answering questions put to him by interviewers of a Chicago organization called Science Research Associates. Their mission was to determine for the University of Chicago why only half the citizens over 21 turned out to vote in the last Chicago mayoralty election.

This new American citizen, with his clear-cut sense of duty, would have been distressed to hear some of the other answers.

"I don't have time to vote be-



cause I work nights and sleep during the daytime."

"Elections don't accomplish anything. Things are always just as before."

"I'm just not as interested in voting as some people are."

"I've wanted to vote, but I just never took much interest in elections. Besides, I can't take the time from my business."

"I intended to start a TV repair shop, and thought declaring my politics would hurt me in the future."

These are Americans speaking: young and old, rich and poor, laborers and white-collar workers, men and women. They have one thing in common: they don't vote. Their numbers are discouragingly large. Traditionally, only a little more than half the registered voters in the U.S. vote in presidential elec-

*179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. July 8, 1956. © 1956 by Family Weekly Magazine, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

tions; for senators and representatives, the percentage drops sharply, especially in a nonpresidential year; and in local elections, the number of eligible voters who never go to

the polls is scandalous.

Why do so many people ignore this basic privilege of democratic government? The research team found that the answer to this question lay in another question: "Why do people vote?" Most nonvoters could give no compelling reason for not voting. The assumption that a person will vote unless something happens to prevent him was not confirmed by the survey. Nor did the type of election, the personalities involved, the intensity of the campaign, nor the weather have much to do with it.

The answers to the survey indicate that voting seems to be a habit, a way of life. So the survey apparently underscored a vital and sometimes little-emphasized function of the American family: to teach, by example, the habit of voting to the

children.

Of those who voted, more than half mentioned their family in connection with early election experiences; they remembered their parents voting; they recalled their parents' belief in a certain candidate or party.

Prof. Jerome G. Kerwin of the political science department, University of Chicago, under whose direction the survey was made, says, "The importance of the family in

political education is reemphasized by this survey."

One ominous fact revealed by the survey is that young people, especially, show apathy toward voting. The median age of nonvoters was 33; for the voters, it was 47.

A composite picture of the nonvoter looks like this: young, inclined to be restless and mobile (more than half had lived at their present address less than two years), and a tenant rather than a homeowner (fewer than 10% owned homes). He also was likely to come from a family of nonvoters.

What about those who do vote? Is their decision likely to be based on reasoned judgment? Never before have there been so many means of communication between candidates and voters. Three-fourths of those questioned who voted said they saw a candidate on television; 16% saw a candidate in person; and 65% were visited by an organization worker. Apparently, the great majority of voters cast their ballots after forming reasonably enlightened convictions concerning the persons, issues, or parties involved.

However, one-fourth of the voters could give no reason for their choices. Typical of this group was one woman who commented, "I just didn't feel capable of judging the candidates. There were so many I hadn't heard of before."

How can the average American be active in politics, short of running for office? There are many ways, but the place to start is at home. Your first job in discharging the duty of every American is to make sure you and your family are registered and eligible to vote. Second, you must know the candidates and issues well enough to vote intelligently.

Then, if you feel the urge to work further for candidates of your choice, there are a number of other doors open to you. The most effective way for you to be politically active is through an organization. There is usually one to fit your own ideas. To find out, you can get in touch with party headquarters in your city; or you can see your ward committeeman or precinct captain; or affiliate yourself with one of the special groups, such as the Young Republicans, the Young Democrats, the Independent Voters, and the League of Women Voters.

In answering survey questions, few people denied the value of

voting. Almost everyone, even those who didn't vote, thought it was a "good thing." The greatest trouble was apathy. Thus, in this election year, you might profitably ask yourself these questions.

1. Do I vote in all elections? Not just the glamorous presidential elections, but for school boards and bond issues in my own community; for city, county, and state officials; for special problems brought before the electorate?

2. Do I vote intelligently, by acquainting myself with the issues and candidates before casting my ballot?

3. Am I setting a good example for my children, my friends, my neighbors, and my business associates by championing the cause of intelligent voting?

4. Am I working actively to improve whatever defects may exist in our democratic system—and not just standing off and criticizing?

IN OUR HOUSE

In our house, the basement rumpus room is a clubhouse for neighborhood small fry. The kids recently held an election. We grownups were greatly astonished to hear that a four-year-old had been elected president.

"That boy must be a born leader," dad observed jokingly to our 2nd grader.

"How does it happen that all you bigger lads voted for him?"

"Well, you see, dad," Johnny replied, "he can't very well be secretary, because he doesn't know how to write. He wouldn't do for treasurer; he isn't able to count. He would never do for sergeant-at-arms, because he's too little to throw anybody out. If we didn't choose him for anything, he'd feel bad. So we made him president."

S.M.M.

[For similar true stories-amusing, touching, or inspiring-of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Entries cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

Kids Like to Help With Housework

But they need to know they're needed

TE HEAR A LOT of lamenting these days about the bad effects of push-button living on our children. Where are the opportunities for character-building that the good old days used to offer? No wood box to keep filled, no cow to be milked, no need to trudge long miles to school and back. Without a heavy quota of daily chores, so the argument goes, modern children are deprived of acquiring the sense of responsibility that supposedly came naturally to their grandparents.

It is also assumed that modern appliances have so lightened the burdens of housekeeping that help from the children is not really needed. Therefore, chores must be "invented" for the sake of character building. We must dispose of this notion or we're off to a very bad

start with the kids.

Many modern mothers need help as much as our grandmothers did. One out of five of us works at a job outside the home, and a very



small percentage of the so-called "working mothers" employ household help. Among the mothers making a career of homemaking, how many can find much leisure, after donating the extra time and work expected of them in community, church, school, and welfare projects? And now there's the do-it-vourself movement to eat up spare hours; with paint, hammer, and saw, as well as needle and thread, mother pitches in to help dad save family money on everything from a converted attic to new slipcovers.

In all this humming activity, how can the kids be considered fifth wheels? We need their help (partly to save time for some fun with them!), and to feel needed is im-

^{*52} Vanderbilt Ave., New York City 17. August, 1956. @ 1956 by the Parents' Institute, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

portant to anyone. Most children like to help around the house. What's the secret behind this cheerful kind of help? There is no single answer, of course. Each child is different from other children and each child is different at various ages. But here are a few tips for getting your child to work, and like it.

1. Let him know his help is needed. No child likes the idea that chores are delegated to him "for his own good." He resents being reminded that his father, as a boy, carried a paper route, or that his grandfather felled the trees and chopped the wood that cooked his meals-while he makes a fuss over setting the table. He'll like the chore much better if you give any simple reason that makes sense to him: you're late with dinner and need a helping hand; or, if this is his established job, you can explain that table setting can hardly be put off till after dinner.

2. Let him know you appreciate his efforts. When I say to our four-year-old, "Thanks for putting all those groceries away; that was a big help!" he fairly sparkles with pleasure and pride. A little necessary rearranging, unjumbling the canned goods, moving cottage cheese from cupboard to refrigerator, seems small trouble after the bright-eyed way he asks, "What can I do now to help?"

As children grow older we tend not only to take their help more for granted, but to be more critical of their efforts. And this is really unfair. Husbands or mothers-in-law don't always do things quite our way, yet we try to be tactful about their help. Why shouldn't the same etiquette apply to the children?

There is always something worthy of praise in even a sketchy job. If we comment on that, instead of the flaws, it inspires a child to be more self-critical.

"My room's all done, mom."

Well, it may be far from my own standards of "done" but I react favorably. "My, what a difference!" And as I look all around, "You really cleaned out those shelves; that's a nice arrangement you've made!"

"I spent a lot of time on that!" he says proudly, but after a moment, "I guess the closet could be a little better." And he's off to add some finishing touches there.

3. Let him help plan his work. If a child can help decide what jobs at what times of day suit him best, he'll tackle them much more willingly than he will tasks arbitrarily assigned. Turning over entire projects to the children, with only the most necessary sideline supervision by a grownup, pays off in teamwork.

A meeting will help clear the air when the children get lax about routine chores, or begin to squabble over who's doing more or less than his share. If you have a born organizer in the family, don't discourage him. The other children are more likely to welcome him as a leader than to resent him as a boss.

You'll find that written directives have an almost magical effect. They are far more authoritative than verbal instruction, and are seldom resented.

4. Let him have fun while he works. If you harbor some notion that work should be work and no nonsense about it, you're imposing a handicap that operates against

you.

In our family, playing "restaurant" and "laundry" and "ranch house" makes lively fun of mealtime, washday and indoor or outdoor cleaning projects. Everyone changes character, along with names. The role of a cook named "Old Gertie" once fell to my lot; the kids liked her crotchety ways so well that she's still in demand-though I'm sometimes a little fed up with her! When dad gets into the act, he's invariably "Slim," and his "ranch hands" all work like little beavers.

Out-of-the-ordinary jobs never go begging. Relining kitchen drawers, going after cobwebs with a longhandled mop, simple repair jobs: anything that's not humdrum is fun.

But the very tops in pleasure at our house is work involving wet rags and scrubbing! True, someone has to mop up the puddles and slick over the streaks left by the littler helpers, and change them into dry clothes after! But their proficiency at scrub and mop work is often surprising, and nothing else surpasses it in sheer delight and pride of ac-

complishment.

If a child is not much good at helping except when he's "in the mood" that's your cue to show interest in the jobs he thinks up himself, and to make a few suggestions. If he's a "spotty" helper, and frequently wants to shift chores, he's a child for short jobs, well-timed according to his play plans. Small services of the moment, whether done voluntarily or by request, should be counted in his favor. If regular jobs begin to be really disliked, a child is probably ready for more responsible work. When table setting becomes too dull, he may have fun feeding the baby, instead.

Always try to discover what's behind a child's balking. It may not occur to him to explain that he has homework in three subjects, a science project with a Monday deadline, Little League practice, a Cub Scout hike, and three favorite television shows-all to be done this week end! Or you may discover that he doesn't like the confinement of teamwork, or the close supervision of an adult, vet enjoys working alone.

With very little helpers, the two or three-year-olds, companionship is what counts most. In their underfoot efforts to please, they are often more nuisance than they're worth, but don't ever let them know it. They feel big, proud, and warm and glowing about their services and your praise!

Barked-out orders may stimulate action, but not enthusiasm. And it's so easy to kindle interest in children! Call for someone to carry out the garbage pail and chances are no one will "hear" you; but announce that you need an arm full of muscle and you'll have several on hand in a jiffy! Even terse commands set well with children if there's a spirit of fun about them. "All hands on deck!" is more inviting than "Time to help with dishes." "Operation Clean-up. Three minutes to go. On your mark!" gets a cluttered room put to rights in short order.

One aspect of helping that children enjoy is the chance it gives to talk over things together. It's somehow easier for a child to bring out problems when his hands are busy. Working in a twosome over dinner dishes or some outdoor job, I hear all kinds of things concerning school and friends, and lend an understanding ear or word of advice.

There is more real reward in all the intangible satisfactions that grow out of helping than a concrete payment system can offer. Some parents find merit in paying for chores; others worry over whether money should or should not come into the picture. I don't think it really matters one way or the other, as long as chores carry with them some of the other satisfactions as well.

When I hear that "Martha's mother pays her 15¢ for every time she does the dishes" or that "Billy Roberts gets 50¢ a week for burning their trash every day" my answer is simply: "In our family we don't do it that way." We do give special treats on occasion, but the principle is well established that the children's help has no connection with their regular spending money.

Children lead busy lives of their own; they have a real need for leisure. The help I can reasonably expect varies a great deal depending on the personality, time of year, the child's age. "Playing by ear" is the best bet in making requests. But it's understood that in our household that some help from the children is always needed, and appreciated.



FOREIGN INTRIGUE

In a village located in the American zone of Western Germany, police were troubled by a rash of "Americans, Go Home" signs scribbled on walls. All the messages were written only a few feet from the ground.

Investigators rejected the theory that communist midgets were at work in the area. They finally identified the culprits: three young children of American Air Force officers stationed in the village. They just thought that going home would be fun.

American Medical Journal.

What Do You Think of Yourself?

Psychologists are discovering the importance of a conscience

A sk A FELLOW what he thinks about John Smith, or his boss, or his neighbor, and he'll probably hasten to tell you. But ask him what he thinks of himself and it's a different story. Ask yourself this question; you may find it surprisingly hard to answer.

Studies at Emory university, conducted by Paul F. Secord and Sidney M. Jourard, indicate that what you think of yourself tells a good deal about you. And Professors Secord and Jourard have developed a series of tests which will provide a means of getting a clear-cut picture of what you think of yourself.

The quiz which appears below is a shortened and simplified version of their tests. Answering these questions will help you to understand yourself better, and will give you the insight needed to resolve many personal problems.

Here is how to test yourself. Below are listed 20 characteristic personality traits. Opposite each item, indicate how you feel about yourself by-writing a number.

Put down I if you say to yourself: I feel definitely that I do not measure up here; I wish a change could be made. Or 2: I am not satisfied with myself here, but I can



put up with myself in this respect. Or 3: I have no particular feelings one way or another. Or 4: I consider myself exceptional in this respect.

8	. Intelligence()
9)
10	. Generosity()
11		
	cism()
12	. Self-respect()
13)
14	. Fears()
15	. Capacity for work()
16)
17)
18	. Ability to make deci-	
	sions()
19.	. Personal appearance()
20.)
	_	_

Total Score

A score of 65 or over is exceptional. It indicates that you come close to being the kind of person you want to be. You are remarkably free from self-doubt, and feelings of guilt or anxiety. You have few inner conflicts to disturb your sense of well-being. Whether your high degree of self satisfaction is justified or not, the fact remains that you have achieved harmony within yourself.

If you scored between 60 and 65, you are still in the somewhat rare-fied atmosphere where inner conflicts are the exception rather than the rule. You are far more at peace with yourself than most of us are, and are rarely subject to feelings of anxiety. Your ability to regard yourself with such enviable serenity must result from one of two things: either you possess a great many remarkable attributes of character and

ability, or else you have successfully adjusted your standards to conform with your capabilities. Whichever the reason, the result is indication of a markedly well-adjusted personality.

If you score between 50 and 60, you're on better terms with yourself than most people are. You don't think as highly of yourself in some ways as you'd like to, but your satisfaction in other personality traits serves to maintain a feeling of selfconfidence. You've come to realize that there are some things you don't particularly like about yourself (which you can't seem to change), but you've learned to live with them. There are times when you feel completely at odds with yourself, but these personality conflicts rarely become fixed. The reason you succeed as well as you do in maintaining your emotional stability is that you've learned not to take yourself too seriously.

If your score is between 40 and 50, you probably regard yourself as a "pretty good guy," but you also have feelings of self-doubt, anxiety, and perhaps a mild sense of guilt. Such feelings are not strong enough to be oppressive, but they do subtract somewhat from your feeling of well-being.

The picture is less rosy for the person who scores between 30 and 40. He is not at peace with himself. His low esteem for himself may or may not be justified, but the resulting inner friction cannot help but

have a disturbing effect on him. He may be judging himself far too harshly; he is probably too much of a perfectionist. If so, he is likely to be hypercritical of everything, and uncharitable toward others as well as toward himself. People are uncomfortable around him, and he is uncomfortable with himself. Such a person often says that he would like to "get away from it all," but what he really means is that he wants to get away from himself. He can best resolve his dislike for himself by being more charitable in his attitude toward others.

If you are not a perfectionist, and still score in this bracket, you are selling yourself short. You are not making a strong enough effort to become the kind of person you feel you should be. Better start keeping some of those good resolutions!

If you scored under 30, it is high time to take a personal inventory of yourself. Your conflicting feelings (wanting to think well of yourself, and yet not being able to do so) makes your life one of frustration. To be happy, to be at peace with yourself and the world around you, you must resolve these conflicts. Taking the above test won't reconcile your conflicts, but it will clarify your attitudes toward yourself and enable you to face your troubles honestly.

Whether a person's judgment of himself is undeservedly harsh, or undeservedly charitable, makes no difference in the validity of the test. For it is the person's attitude toward himself which determines whether or not he is well adjusted. The man who thinks he's doing all right, and who has a reasonably untroubled conscience, tends to be serene. For we live in a world created by our own attitudes, and whether these attitudes are based on fact or fancy, they have a lot to do with our happiness.

PAPER CHASE

A used car dealer in San Diego, Calif., found his sales ingenuity no match for the Yankee shrewdness of two college students.

The dealer had distributed a huge quantity of paper napkins bearing the words "This napkin good for \$25 toward the purchase of any car." The two youths collected 48 napkins, picked out a \$1,200 car on the dealer's lot, and offered the napkins in exchange.

The dealer, protesting that his ad was "an obvious stunt," refused to give

them the car.

The students sued him. The dealer settled the matter out of court. He also started a feverish search for the rest of the napkins.

Sparks (Sept. '56).

Sister With an Iron Glove

Sister Anastasia looked severe, but you saw the effects of her kindness everywhere in the hospital

WHEN I FIRST SAW Sister Anastasia standing in the corridor outside my hospital room, I thought she was the severest-looking woman I had ever seen. I judged her to be in her early 50's. She was tall and slender. The white apron she wore to cover her dark blue Sister of Charity habit, and the white cornette with stiff wings on her head, gave her a regal appearance.

The entire hospital was under her supervision from nine o'clock in the evening until five the following morning. Every night she looked in on each patient with a crisp "Good evening." For the first eight months of my stay these momentary glimpses were all I had of Sister Anastasia. Then one evening she stood a bit uncertainly at my door, looking at some flowers on my night table. Without uttering a word she crossed to the vase, took out the flowers, and artistically rearranged them.

I had been in the hospital so



long that the staff regarded me as a member of the institution instead of a patient. My room became a sort of haven for interns and nurses. During their visits, I asked about Sister Anastasia. Opinions were mixed. Some of the staff dreaded being under her supervision, for she was a strict disciplinarian. Others respected her deeply.

Early one morning, while I was having breakfast, a nurse stopped in to chat a few moments before going home. It had been a hard night, for her patient had died—a young mother who had given birth to her first child.

"Her husband just sat by the bed staring at her," the distressed nurse said. "It was as though he was trying to will her to live. I felt sorry for him, but I didn't know what to say or do. Then Sister Anastasia

^{*}Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. October, 1950. © 1950 by the Curtis Publishing Co., and reprinted by special permission of the "Ladies' Home Journal."

came in with a cup of hot coffee for him. Her thoughtfulness gave him more comfort than any words I

could think of to say."

In time, Sister Anastasia and I became good friends. I noticed that invariably she would refold my discarded newspaper to take to a patient having a sleepless night. When I offered her candy, she never refused. I heard that she never ate it, but always took it to some sick child.

On rare occasions she would talk about herself. I learned that her father was a florist (that's why it bothered her to see flowers poorly arranged). She had joined the Sisters of Charity in her middle 20's.

"Don't you ever get tired of peo-

ple?" I asked.

"When I'm feeling very weary, I sometimes wonder if humanity is worth helping," she replied. "But after I've had a good sleep things look different. All people have some good in them, though sometimes you have to dig deep to find it."

Often during our visits she would relax, and look at movie magazines. She had a keen interest in movie stars who had been patients in the hospital. Her eyes would sparkle when she talked about them.

She told me how Edgar Bergen had brought his own dishes to the hospital and had his meals cooked by a Chinese cook. How Dolores Del Rio insisted on having her room filled with gardenias. How Hedy Lamarr, on a diet, threw a tantrum

over having to eat cottage cheese; and how Bing Crosby crooned a song as he was being wheeled to the operating room. She told me all this with great delight. But what she did not tell me was how she had handled these celebrities with the same from hand she used on the other patients and the staff.

One night, a haggard intern rushed into my room. I knew he had been assisting at an emergency operation. He did not speak, but just paced the room. I offered him a cigarette. His hand shook as he

lit it.

"I just saw a patient die on the operating table, from the anesthetic," he said bitterly. "What good is skilled surgery if that can happen?"

"What are you going to do about it?" Sister Anastasia asked from the

doorway.

"I'm going to give up being a doctor and go into the real-estate business with my father," the in-

tern replied.

Sister Anastasia waited a second before she spoke. "Don't you think it would be more sensible if you studied to be an anesthetist? I'm sure you can manage it along with your other work, and the knowledge will be invaluable when you become a great surgeon."

Although Sister Anastasia never mentioned the incident again, I knew she was secretly pleased when the intern took her advice. He later became chief anesthetist in a large Los Angeles hospital. During the

war, he served as a doctor in the Canadian army, and his knowledge of anesthesia helped save many lives. Today he is on the staff of a

large Chicago hospital.

On occasion, Sister's way with people brought results the best doctors could not achieve. One case became a hospital legend. A terribletempered wealthy old man was brought to the hospital after having suffered a slight stroke. If he did not like something a nurse did, he would start throwing things until she was forced to leave the room.

Trying to give him medicine was an ordeal every nurse dreaded, for it meant taking plenty of abuse. During one of the medicine-taking episodes, Sister Anastasia walked into the room. Before the old man could open his mouth to speak, Sister told him off vigorously, took the bottle of medicine from the nurse. poured some into a spoon, and ordered him to open his mouth. To the nurse's amazement, he obeyed. Then he smiled at Sister and said, "My, you're quite a lass."

He and Sister became firm friends. Because he knew she would be pleased, he kept the altar in the little chapel beautifully decorated

with flowers.

Things went on this way for about five weeks, and the doctor in attendance was very pleased with the old man's improvement. He ordered the nurse to get the patient out of bed to start using his legs. But the stubborn old man refused to budge. It was the first real vacation he had had in years and he intended to go on enjoying it. The doctor was at a loss. There was no way of knowing how the patient had responded to his treatment until he knew how well he could use his

legs.

One evening Sister Anastasia came in to see him. As usual, he told her a new story. She laughed, then said she was in a rush because two new patients had just checked in. As she walked toward the door, she tripped, and would have fallen on her face if the old man had not jumped out of bed and caught her in the nick of time. Sister thanked him, straightening her cornette. Then she hurried down the corridor to the floor desk. She picked up his chart and wrote: "10:15 P.M. Patient walked."

One of the student nurses was engaged to be married to the current resident doctor. As the girl gave me my morning bath, she would tell me all about their plans for the future. She was naturally pretty, but being in love made her almost sparkle.

Then one day I noticed deep circles under her eyes. She had become strangely silent. I finally got her to tell me what was wrong. A wealthy young woman was a patient on another floor, and the nurse's fiancé was paying too much attention to her.

The girl's unhappiness bothered me so much that I spoke to Sister Anastasia about her. She did not make any comment, and I wished I had kept quiet. A couple of days later the student nurse disappeared from my floor. I was afraid I had got her into trouble. I asked Sister what had happened to her.

"Oh, I made arrangements to have her transferred to the floor that the other young lady is on," she replied. "At least that gives her

a 50-50 chance."

I did not see the student nurse again until graduation exercises were held in the hospital chapel. The minute I saw her come down the aisle, looking so pretty in her white cap and gown, I felt that everything was all right. When she passed my wheel chair I caught a glimpse of an engagement ring on her finger. I am sure Sister Anastasia, who was sitting in front of me, saw it too.

Sister Anastasia was always thinking up ways to help the poor. One summer day a nurse took me up on the roof in a wheel chair so that I could get some sun. Here I visited with an old lady whom I affectionately called Granny. It was a terribly hot day, and I remarked about it. Granny pointed silently to a box standing on a near-by table. A sign read, "Anyone mentioning this miserable weather kindly put 5¢ in this box for the poor." Boxes like these were all over the hospital, and during that hot spell the take for the poor was excellent.

Along about Christmas the boxes were again very much in evidence.

Sister Anastasia, along with the other Sisters, always made the Christmas season a joyful event. Each floor in the hospital had a large Christmas tree. Sister usually brought me several small trees to trim for the bedridden. Among these was a young boy who had had polio for several years. He also had a bad heart condition, so the possibility of recovery was very slight. However, his mind was set upon having a pair of braces so that he could stand up.

His family had decided that his hopeless condition made spending of money for the braces foolish. Yet on Christmas morning the boy awoke to Christmas carols sung by the choir of student nurses in the hall, and beside his bed he found the braces, with a big red bow tied to them. And I am sure that everyone in the hospital agreed with Sister Anastasia when she said, "Even if they give him only ten minutes of

happiness, it is worth it."

Starting with my second year as a patient, Sister Anastasia always gave me a Christmas remembrance. The first year it was a lovely prayer book; the second, a knitting bag containing yarn and needles. She herself taught me to knit so that I could make sweaters for her poor children. Her third gift, a pair of satin bedroom slippers, puzzled me. It seemed a ridiculous thing to give to a person who could not walk, and I could not help saying so. Sister's reply made me ashamed.

"When you were brought into

this hospital after your accident four years ago, you were asked about your religion," she said. "You replied that you did not have any particular creed, but you did have tremendous faith in God. Doesn't that faith make you know that someday you'll be walking in those

slippers?"

Four months later the doctors decided to try another operation which might possibly give me back the use of my legs. The operation was a success, but my happiness was shortlived: for when I started to learn to walk again the pain was almost beyond endurance. Every day a nurse would stand me on my feet, hold me by the hips, and walk me across the room and back. Each time, I was glad to get back to bed. This routine went on for about two weeks, until one day the torture of the effort made me decide that I did not care whether or not I ever walked again.

One evening Sister Anastasia came in. "I haven't seen you walk yet," she said. "How about getting up?"

I started to say No, but the look on her face warned me that refusal would do me no good. I let her help me into my bathrobe and the Christmas slippers. Then I stood up. She took her place behind me, and I started moving slowly across the room. When I reached the opposite side, she said, "That was wonderful." Something about her voice made me turn around. To my amazement, she was not right behind me, but on the other side of the room. For the first time in four years I had walked alone!

I stood looking at her, frightened. "Walk to me," she commanded.

"You can do it."

Unsteadily, I walked to where she was standing. Then she helped me back to bed, and said, "Lack of confidence is the most destructive thing in the world."

This lesson and the many others Sister Anastasia taught me were to serve me well when three months later I left the hospital, at her urg-

later I left the hospital, at her urging and with her blessing, to start my life in the outside world again.



HICKORY STICKS: 1956

Two little boys, in from the country for a visit to grandmother, wandered down the street to inspect the brand-new school that was just being finished. They found two electricians working in one of the rooms.

"Whatcha doin'?" inquired one of the little visitors.

"We're just putting in the new electric switches, sonny," replied one of the workmen.

"Gosh," said the other boy, after a pause, "I'm sure glad we still got our old country school."

Precious Blood Messenger (September '56).

How to Become President

One way is to be elected vice president

NE OF THE BEST ways to become President is to become vice president first. Since the Civil War, five Presidents have died in office, three of them the victims of assassins. Three others-Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Eisenhower-suffered illnesses grave enough to focus attention on the vice presidency. Since 1787, seven vice presidents have succeeded to the presidency through the death of the President. For 100 years, the country has not had as many as four Presidents in succession without having one who was originally elected as vice president.

The vice presidency has long been an object of jest, even by men who held the office. Vice President Marshall, in the Wilson administration, compared the holder of his office to "a man in a cataleptic fit. He is conscious of all that goes on, but has no part in it." The office itself was devised at a week-end conference only a few days before the Constitutional convention adjourned.

Nevertheless, the founding fathers apparently intended that the office be filled by one who had all the qualifications for President, since it was to go to the runner-up in the election. The vice presidency did get off to a promising start under John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Then came the 12th Amendment, which established the procedure observed today. Instead of choosing between individual candidates, the electors choose between slates, each with a presidential and a vice presidential candidate.

Political parties started choosing the vice president for political reasons rather than merit. He was expected to "balance the ticket," that is, to win votes. The result frequently was the election of Presidents and vice presidents of sharply differing views: Harrison and Tyler, F.D.R. and Garner.

Recently, the vice presidency has taken on new importance. Three men who succeeded to the presidency upon the President's death went on to win the office on their own: Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, and Harry S. Truman. Several recent Presidents have tried to make better use of the vice presi-

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dency. During Alben W. Barkley's tenure in the Truman administration, the vice president was made a statutory member of the National Security council. He thereby became a party to the most important and secret policy decisions.

During the Éisenhower administration the vice presidency reached its maximum importance in modern times. In the President's absence, the vice president presided over both the Cabinet and the National Security council, thus outranking Cabinet members. He was also at

the forefront of party management. He set the tone of the 1954 Republican Congressional campaign and made many policy speeches ordinarily expected of the President. He became the chief liaison between the President and Congress. He made several good-will trips to Asia and Latin America. During President Eisenhower's illness, he continued to preside over the Cabinet and National Security council, and took over many ceremonial functions previously handled by the President.



"... THAT OTHER SONS MIGHT LIVE"

To most of the world, the name Mergenthaler means the inventor of the linotype. But to the parishioners of 300-year-old St. Mary's Catholic church in Eschweiler, Luxembourg, the name recalls a gallant American soldier. He was George Mergenthaler, only grandson of Ottmar Mergenthaler, the inventor.

Forty-five years after his grandfather left his German birthplace to come to the U.S. and to fame, Pvt. George entered Germany—through the Siegfried Line. Later, his infantry division (the 28th) was stationed in Eschweiler. George soon became a friend of the villagers.

Every morning they saw him attend Mass at St. Mary's. The Christmas gift packages he passed out to their children made the only bright spot in that dismal Yuletide of 1944.

Then came the Battle of the Bulge. As he bade good-by to the parish priest, the young soldier said, "Don't worry, Father. We will defend you."

Those words were inscribed on the stone cross that marked George's first grave on the Luxembourg hillside. Since then, his body has been reburied in the U.S., and the badly damaged church has been restored by George's father and mother.

Over a bas-relief plaque of the young soldier's head in the vestibule of the church these words appear: "This only son died that other sons might live in love and peace."

Linotype News (Fall, 1956).

Will the Tower of Pisa Topple?

Time is running out for the listing ancient landmark

N A WARM summer morning centuries ago, Pisa, Italy, held a mammoth celebration. For one day, at least, a day that Pisans still recall in legend and song, all roads led not to Rome, but to her sister city in the north.

Exuberant Pisans linked arms and danced in the streets. Hundreds of casks of wine flowed freely. Nobleman and commoner rubbed elbows at huge outdoor tables heaped high with delicacies from the surrounding countryside. And everywhere toasts were drunk in honor of a monumental project to which Pisa's craftsmen had devoted 106 years.

Crowds gazed in admiration at the three buildings the city had so painstakingly raised. There was praise for the cathedral, created of black and white marble, remarkable for its sheer beauty and brilliance, as well as for the magnificent baptis-

tery adjoining it.

Yet even then, the landmark that immediately captured the imagination of the visitor was the cathedral bell tower, begun by Bonanno in 1174, and completed in 1350. It rose straight and true, 179 feet, eight



stories, into the sky. According to time-scarred records, hundreds of artisans labored long and hard to achieve its majesty. They used every known technique to guarantee its stability. And when it was completed, there was certainly not the slightest indication that someday the Tower of Pisa would begin to lean, and in the centuries that followed. to fight a desperate battle with

gravity.

But, as everyone knows, that is precisely what has happened. If the builders of the campanile could see it now, they would be heartbroken. Today, the tower is a landmark famous not for its beauty or its representation of the Romanesque style at its finest, but for its struggle with nature. Moreover, science, long confounded by the wonder of how the tower has managed to stand at all over the years, now predicts that its end is in sight, unless something is done to halt its inexorable shift.

Only recently, Prof. Giovanni Boaga of the University of Rome, after years of painstaking investigation, reported, "A project must be undertaken immediately to stabilize the Leaning Tower of Pisa. If it is not launched promptly, it is my prediction that the structure is doomed. Without help, sometime within the next 50 years it will come toppling earthward."

Earlier, more than two dozen experts, after studying the tower, issued separate reports, all attesting to its imminent collapse. D. C. Tuvari, one of Italy's outstanding authorities on art and architecture, put it this way, "How this monument has continued to stand over the centuries baffles the human mind. Perhaps if science has no answer, we must accept the Pisan legend which holds that the tower will never come down because silently, day and night, the souls of its creators labor ceaselessly to hold it upright.

"True or not, nowhere else in the world has there ever been a single instance where another building so far out of balance has managed to survive.

"But no matter what its achievements have been in the past, the Leaning Tower will fall, and very soon, unless we act to strengthen it. There will come a day when its list will prove to be just too much and when gravity will at last exert the power that the landmark has managed to thwart so long." The desperate status of the tower has been underscored by the latest statement on its shift. The Italian government said in December, 1955, that the tower's tilt has continued to increase at the rate of about .027 inches from the vertical annually, while the tower's campanile is already some 17.15 feet out of plumb.

Yet oddly enough, despite the weight of the scientific evidence regarding the tower's peril, the people least concerned about it are those living within its shadow, the Pisans themselves. Professor Boaga's announcement, though given wide publicity all over the world, caused scarcely a ripple among the citizens of placid Pisa.

It is not that the typical Pisan lacks interest in the tower. To a large extent, the history of his city has been linked with that of the tower, at least for the last eight centuries.

It was from the tower's campanile that the lookouts would first sight the Pisan navy, homeward bound after a successful venture at sea, during Pisa's 12th-century reign as a great maritime power. When a Florentine army overran Pisa in 1406, it was to the tower that the last of the city's defenders fled, to fight on to the death.

It was to the campanile that Galileo Galilei climbed one morning 350 years ago, and proved that solids of different weights fall with the same velocity. And in 1945, it was the tower, of all Pisa's public

buildings, that suffered most from

the retreating nazi armies.

The calm prevailing in Pisa in the face of the latest reports on the tower, therefore, does not stem from lack of interest. It comes from the complete faith that Pisans have in their landmark. Year after year, for seven and a half centuries, the prophets of doom have studied the tower's tilt and predicted its collapse. Yet the tower still stands. The average Pisan reasons that such predictions will continue to be made and to be proved wrong.

Nevertheless, ever since 1900, the Italian government and the Pisan city council have become increasingly alarmed about the situation. In 1907 the first accurate reading was taken of the building's tilt, and a reading has been taken every year since. These readings always indicate that the tower's shift is increasing, but it was not until 1940 that the situation became really

critical.

Late that year, engineers noticed that water was beginning to cut through the foundation of the tower. Furthermore, because of the new stresses on its base, the structure's tilt had increased dangerously. As a temporary measure, tons of cement were hurled into the cracks that had developed. The leakage was temporarily halted. In 1946, the Arno river suddenly flooded Pisa. The swirling waters ate away at the base of the tower, and the cement was washed aside.

Four times in the last decade, attempts have been made to halt the list. All have failed, and today it is thought that only complete reconstruction of the building on a concrete foundation will insure its future.

How would the project be carried out? According to the Italian government, the work will be extremely costly and time-consuming. The building will have to be torn down, but in such a way that not a single stone will be damaged in the process. The component parts of the tower will have to be labeled carefully so that when the new foundation is in place, and the rebuilding of the tower commences, every stone can be replaced in its original position.

The foundation is only ten feet deep and has a circumference only that of the tower itself. Engineers and architects must find a way to counteract completely the waterlogged subsoil that has been largely responsible for the tower's predicament. Experts admit that to achieve this end a massive concrete floor will have to be laid. They are certain that the operation can be carried out successfully.

They point to what was done in Venice, some 40 years ago, when the campanile of St. Mark's church suddenly toppled. It was rebuilt,

piece by piece.

"The Leaning Tower will be more difficult," one architect reported not long ago. "At its base, the tower's walls are 13 feet thick. There alone, if we are to exercise the care necessary to insure the safety of the original materials, the task certainly will take years."

Whether or not the plans cur-

rently being discussed will be approved, only time will tell. But without science's immediate intervention, the next decade may witness the disappearance of one of the world's most famous landmarks.



KID STUFF

"If a fight starts, come home!" That's the rule in our family. But one day Tracy, our little boy, complained that everyone called him a sissy when he wouldn't fight. His sister suggested that he ought to pray that he would stay out of trouble.

A few days later, as we were paging through an illustrated book of lives of the saints, Tracy let out a whoop of joy and pointed at a picture. "There's the saint I can ask for help when they call me a sissy," he said. "St. Francis of Assisi!"

Mrs. James T. Brady.



A father took his eight-year-old son to see a performance by a famous ballet company. During the first number, as the beautifully costumed girls danced about on their toes, the little fellow said to his dad, "Why don't they just get some taller girls?"

Galen Drake.



Little Mary was lying on her back on the nursery floor, singing a happy song. The next time her mother looked in on her, she was lying on her stomach, humming another melody.

"Playing a game, dear?" her mother asked.

"Yes," Mary replied. "I'm a phonograph record, and I just turned myself over."

Mc Cleary News.



At the dinner table one evening Phyllis reported proudly that her teacher had called her a beaver.

"For being such a hard worker, I suppose?" her mother observed, with equal pride.

"Well, no," said Phyllis. "For chewing my pencil." Pageant (Oct. '56).

'In God We Trust'

It took 95 years to make our national motto official

officially the national motto of the U.S. This came about with the passing of a resolution by the 84th Congress and its signing by President Dwight Eisenhower.

The motto has had a turbulent history. For more than 90 years it has appeared, disappeared, and reappeared on various U.S. coins.

The idea for it began peacefully enough in wartime when the Rev. M. R. Watkinson, minister of a small church in a community then called Ridleyville, near Philadelphia, reached for a pen on Nov. 13, 1861. He wrote to Secretary of the Treasury Salmon Portland Chase, busy trying to finance the Northern forces in the Civil War.

The minister was worried about posterity. "You are about to submit your annual report to Congress respecting national finances. One fact has been overlooked. I mean recognition of the Almighty God in some form on our coins. What if our Republic were now shattered? Would not antiquaries of succeeding centuries reason from our past that we were a heathen nation?"



With recent battlefield defeats in mind, he added, "From my heart I have felt our national shame in disowning God as not the least of our present national disasters."

Secretary Chase moved quickly. Only a week later, he wrote to the director of the mint: "Trust in God should be declared on our national coins. You will cause a device to be prepared without unnecessary delay with a motto expressing in the fewest and tersest words this national recognition."

The director pointed out that a new law was needed, but he put artists to work on designs, and finally submitted them for approval. On Dec. 9, 1863, Secretary Chase wrote to him: "I approve, only suggesting 'In God We Trust.'" Then the secretary put his weight behind a coinage bill authorizing use of this motto. It first appeared on the bronze 2¢ pieces of 1864. Two years later it appeared on the gold double

*229 W. 43rd St., New York City 36. July 28, 1956. © 1956 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

eagle (\$20), eagle (\$10) and half eagle (\$5), and the dollar, half dollar, quarter, and nickel.

During those war years there were suggestions that the motto be added to paper currency. But it is reported that President Lincoln, mindful of the dwindling gold supply, said that a more appropriate motto for the greenbacks might be the remark of the Apostle Peter: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give thee."

The coinage act of 1873 provided that the secretary of the treasury might "cause the motto In God We Trust' to be inscribed on such coins as shall admit of such motto." This left the matter to the secretary's discretion.

But Chase, who had been chief justice for several years, died that year. Without him, troubles confronted the motto. In fact, in 1883 it was removed from the 5¢ piece, not to reappear until 1938.

Moreover, in the 80's many Easterners who had trekked to Kansas were caught by a severe depression and drought. Discouraged and penniless, hundreds of the settlers headed back. On their wagons many painted the bitter words, "In God we trusted, in Kansas we busted."

The worst was yet to come for "In God We Trust." The famous sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens was commissioned to design \$10 and \$20 gold coins. His ideas were adopted in 1907, and because President Theodore Roosevelt objected

to the motto, it was omitted from the coins.

When newspapers carried the story, a storm of protest came from religious leaders. Roosevelt met the issue head on.

The New York *Times* published his retort as the lead article on Nov. 14, 1907. "When the question came up we looked into the law and found there was no warrant for putting 'In God We Trust' on the coins. I might have felt at liberty to keep the inscription had I approved. My own firm conviction is that such a motto on coins not only does no good but positive harm, and is in effect irreverence, which comes close to sacrilege."

The President added, "Everyone must remember the innumerable cartoons and articles based on phrases like 'In God we trust for eight cents,' 'In God we trust for short weight.'"

This article was followed by a

The making of "In God We Trust" the official national motto does not mean that any religion has been set up as the established religion of the U. S. That is forbidden by the 1st Amendment to the Constitution. It does mean that the U. S. is now on record as a country in which the vast majority of people (99%) do put their belief and trust in a Supreme Being.

New York Sunday News (5 Aug. '56).

shorter one that reported that "after a red-hot debate" the Episcopal diocesan convention, meeting at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, had voted 131 to 81 in favor of the motto. The debate, which lasted one and a half hours, was described as "in some discord."

Despite opposition, "In God We Trust" prevailed, and was quietly restored to the gold coins in 1908. Today it appears on all U. S. coins and on one postage stamp, and soon will be seen on all new paper money. This latest development is due largely to a businessman and coin collector named Matthew H. Rothert, president of the Camden (Ark.) Furniture Co., who revived

Congressional interest in the phrase.

As a result, last year the Senate Banking committee, noting that the Bureau of Currency and Engraving was about to change its dies, said this presented "an excellent opportunity to correct an oversight." With that, Congress extended use of the motto to all paper money as well as coins.

Then, in July of 1956, it passed a bill to make "In God We Trust" the official motto.

Even with its slow, 95-year progress, the motto has achieved official recognition faster than *The Star-Spangled Banner*, which did not become the national anthem until 1916, 102 years after it was written.



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

After giving me many years of happy married life, my wife died suddenly. I was like a fearful child lost in a strange neighborhood. I was scared—scared to walk alone without the loving guidance and gentle counsel that I had calmly accepted as part of the daily pattern of my life.

Seeking any crumb of comfort to sustain me, I confessed my state of mind in a message to the letters page of a national magazine. I never dreamed there were so many other lonesome souls who had been forced to face up to

a similar personal tragedy.

From all over America, these understanding folk took time out to hearten and console me. Their letters of counsel and practical sympathy would fill

a bushel basket!

Each letter was from a person who also had lost a loved one; each bore a bit of courage and hope for me; one bore the unmistakable promise of another happiness-to-be. As one letter counseled, "God never closes one door without holding out the key to another."

S.C.

[For original accounts, 100 to 200 words long, of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

Smut Is Big Business

And most people don't have any suspicion that so much of it exists

HALF-BILLION-dollar-a-year racket most people don't even realize exists is doing immeasurable damage to youngsters in our country. The racket is the dissemination of pornographic material. And by pornographic material I don't mean obscene comics or magazines. I don't mean collections of off-color jokes.

I mean pictures of acts that are "wanton, deprayed, nauseating, despicable, demoralizing, destructive, and capable of poisoning any mind at any age." Those are the words the Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency used in its recent report on pornography. This subcommittee, headed by Senator Estes Kefauver, made a detailed study of this problem.

Pornography publishers testified before the subcommittee that steps are taken to prevent this material from reaching the hands of juveniles. To test this claim, subcommittee staff members sent letters replying to advertisements in publications read extensively by children. The letters were written in a youthful scrawl on stationery from Eastern High school in Washington, D. C.

According to the subcommittee's report, these letters "reaped a bountiful harvest" of circulars offering suggestive merchandise. The circulars also lure the kids into the role of "pushers" of pornography among other youngsters.

Producing such pictures is inexpensive. The only requirements are a photographer, a room in an outof-the-way hotel or motel, and the characters for the films and still photographs. Often, young girls and boys are the actors.

Members of the Senate subcommittee are worried over the fact that a large segment of the American people know nothing about this material, so easily available. They say that without doubt a "very large percentage of the pornography produced in the U.S. reaches juveniles."

"Schoolyards and the streets in the immediate vicinity of schools are lurking places for smut peddlers," says the Senate report. "Some operate on foot, some from parked

^{*41} E. Park Dr., Huntington, Ind. Aug. 26, Sept. 2, Sept. 9, 1956. © 1956 by Our Sunday Visitor, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

cars; and even seemingly inoffensive candy shops close to schools are known to have engaged in underthe-counter trafficking in pornographic items. Conditions like these cause the involvement of children in the racket itself."

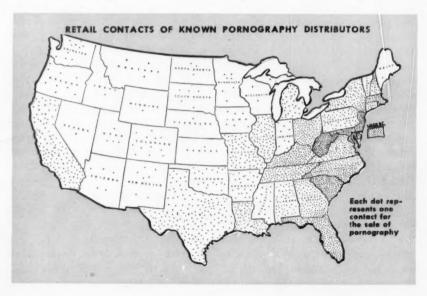
No one can sit back, thinking, "Well, I know there's no pornographic material around here. My kids are safe." Every state in the union has at least one retail contact of known pornography distributors. And they are not all known.

The subcommittee's report lists the activities of more than 20 distributors. Specific cases show how profitable pornography is and how ineffectual are attempts to stop it.

One Al Stone has been arrested seven times for possession of ob-

scene literature. His largest fine was in Darien, Conn., where he paid \$250. In two instances he served 30day jail sentences. When arrested in Detroit, Mich., in 1953, 551 reels of pornographic movie film with a retail value of \$14,000 were found in his car. Evidence indicates that Stone has contacts at least in the following cities: New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Akron, Toledo, Detroit, Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Louisville, Charleston, and Richmond.

Simon Simring of Miami, Fla., has been arrested five times. When nabbed in Orangeburg, S. C., on April 30, 1955, he had in his possession 134 reels of movie film, 1,276 folders of pornographic photographs with 12 photos per folder,



512 folders with 20 photos per folder, 663 stereo slides, 1,900 color slides, 391 pornographic books, and assorted other material with a total retail value of approximately \$35,000. Also in his possession was a map of the Southeastern states with 171 cities marked with a circle, an address book containing 243 names of customers, and a card-index file containing 1,194 names in 21 states and Washington, D. C.

Elmo Florence, operating from Houston, Texas, was known to have customers for pornographic film and literature in 35 states, Canada, and Mexico.

Roy J. Ross, Louis Tager, and Mary Dorothy Tager operated a partnership business in Los Angeles. While testifying before the Senate subcommittee, Mrs. Tager estimated that they made \$3,000 a day, or over \$1 million a year. She also pointed out that there were approximately 200 companies in the Los Angeles area alone that engaged in mail-order distribution of obscene photos.

Most publishers of pornography called to testify before the subcommittee refused to answer questions, on the ground they might tend to incriminate themselves. Mrs. Tager was an exception, as also was Samuel Roth. He was questioned by Peter Chumbris, associate counsel, and by Senator Kefauver.

Roth admitted that he was publisher of a long string of pornographic books, and that some of his

advertising did reach children. He insisted that the advertising couldn't have a bad influence on minors. The psychiatrists who testified before the subcommittee could not agree with Roth's contention.

Franciscan Father Daniel Egan also appeared before the subcommittee. He testified to the evil effects on teen-agers of exposure to pornographic materials, and continued, "I don't think that the average person is aware of this one fact, that whereas if a man were to sell one teenager one bit of marihuana, that marihuana will affect only one teenager. But one piece of this pornographic material allowed to circulate through one classroom or one school can do harm that we can't estimate."

Father Egan called for much stronger laws. "A man who is producing this," he said, "is corrupting the very roots of our nation. There should be a more severe penalty than just two or three years, or five years of imprisonment."

The present federal law, Title 18 of the U.S. Code, calls for a fine of not more than \$5,000 or imprisonment for not more than five years, or both, for sending obscene or indecent materials through the mail.

The law, however, is not only difficult to enforce but is leniently applied by the courts. Harry J. Simon, chief postal inspector, testified to the subcommittee that during the fiscal year 1954 a total of 5,233 cases were investigated, but that

only 136 arrests and 112 convictions resulted. "My experience has been that the penalty is very small in most obscenity cases," he told the subcommittee. Most of those convicted are put on probation and frequently are not fined at all, he said.

Every state except New Mexico also has a law against obscene literature. State laws, however, vary greatly. Most states levy fines of only \$100 to \$500, with some as low as \$5. Since some pornography producers make as much as \$1 million a year, the small fines are insignificant, and are treated merely as one of the costs of doing business.

Just what can you do to combat this great evil?

First of all, parents must insure their children's safety. Many youngsters turn to pornography to learn about sex, for lack of any other avenue of information. Therefore, parents must fulfill their responsibility of imparting correct sex knowledge to their children.

But your children will not be wholly protected until the racket is destroyed. You can help destroy it by helping to form public opinion against pornography, just as was done in the fight against crime and horror comics and lurid magazines and books. Public opinion must be aroused.

Urge your lawmakers to make themselves better acquainted with the problem of pornography and to pass laws strong enough to stop it.

And if you should ever receive any pornography or literature advertising it, bring it to the attention of your local postmaster, so that immediate action can be taken.

Pornography is one of the greatest evils raging in the U.S. today. It is time to stamp it out.



Foliage by Technicolor.

Stephen Ransome

Ladies looking each other over with microscopic carelessness. Arthur Baer

Alarm clock: device to scare the daylights into you. E. Carlson

Splash-and-run driver.

Catherine Jansen

Howling success: baby who gets picked up. F. Frangart

Hungry birds wearing bread-crumb Richard T. Johnson

Dressed like a Bombay bazaar.

Mary C. Dorsey

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned .- Ed.]

Lawrence Welk Makes 'em Dance

His 'champagne music' started bubbling at German weddings in North Dakota

THOUSANDS of fox-trotting and waltzing couples of all ages will tell you that social dancing is having a revival in America. The man mainly responsible is an ex-North Dakota farm boy named Lawrence Welk. At 53, he is still so shy he has to prop himself up with a prayer and a pep talk before he can go before a crowd. But Welk's "champagne music" is not only a current sensation on records, radio, and television: it's filling halls with happy dancers wherever Welk and his band appear in person.

Having easygoing, sentimental fun together has declined in popularity in our country. But Welk is still old-fashioned enough to believe in it. His music has an immediate effect on people: it rouses in them an irresistible impulse to get up and

dance.

My wife and I are veterans of 23 years of almost danceless though otherwise happy marriage. We were first exposed to Welk at the Aragon, the big Ocean Park ballroom in Los

Angeles, Calif. I am an oversized man who does not show to best advantage in fox-trot time, waltz time, or any other time except mealtime. But nothing disastrous happened



when I got up, seized the missus, and trod a tight little Viennese waltz, as old-timey as homemade gingerbread. Two hundred other couples were dancing, and they paid me no mind. They were a happy crowd who frequently spoke to one another and applauded each number with wide grins.

*640 5th Ave., New York City 19. July, 1956. © 1956 by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

The effect is the same on remote viewers. Welk has become a weekly phenomenon on television over 172 stations coast-to-coast, plus nightly radio broadcasts. In Hollywood, where Welk stages one of his television shows on Saturday nights, advertising men and producers who pride themselves on knowing the pleasure of the average viewer were confounded by his early success. To them, the Welk show is corn. And so it is—pure, sweet corn, served fresh from the country, sometimes piping hot, sometimes syrupy. Welk plays the new tunes, but he specializes in such standard items as Josephine, Irene, and his own Bubbles in the Wine.

There are no spectaculars, no famous guest artists. Alice Lon, the Champagne Lady, sings pleasantly and dances waltzes and polkas with Lawrence. But Welk is no Fred Astaire, and Alice Lon is a girl-next-door type from Kilgore, Texas, the mother of three small boys.

The featured instrumentalist is Myron Floren, who plays the accordion with the snap and fizz of popping corks. He is a handsome fellow, the churchgoing father of three small girls. Like Welk, Myron is a farm boy, but comes from South Dakota.

The first time I talked to Welk, he was so diffident that we got nowhere. He is embarrassed about his accent and speaks rather formally in an effort to overcome it. He never got past the 4th grade in school. And he never had a music lesson. He was born in Strasburg, N.D., 53 years ago (he looks about 40). His father was Ludwig Welk, a blacksmith from Alsace-Lorraine. Ludwig had emigrated in 1878, homesteaded in North Dakota, and built a sod house where he brought up a family of eight children.

On winter evenings, when the wind whistled across the frosted plains and the temperature dropped to 30° below, Papa Welk sat by his fire and played the accordion. He pumped out Old Country tunes, polkas and waltzes. Lawrence learned to play from his father and to dance the polka from his mother. He acquired an accent from both that makes him sound to this day as if he had a little strudel under his tongue.

"Soon I was playing for weddings," Lawrence recalls. "Not good, but loud. You know a German wedding in Dakota? It lasts anyhow three days. Birthdays, too. They drink schnapps and eat and dance. Later, when I got my first job in a little band, the trumpet player quit. He said he had to have cotton in his ears, I played so loud."

Lawrence's family applauded his loud music but deplored his ambition to become a professional accordion player with dance bands. But Lawrence could earn only \$2 a day scraping roads with a four-horse team; when he passed the hat at weddings he sometimes took in as much as \$150.

He didn't run away from the farm. He wandered off from week end to week end, playing small engagements in small towns. His \$15 accordion wore out. Papa Welk, trying to keep the boy at home, gave him 160 acres, and bought him a \$400 instrument. Lawrence tried out with a small band, and played so hard his accordion collapsed with a snarl, like an exhausted octopus.

Lawrence kept trying, but he not only played too loud, he often played badly. He couldn't read a note at that time. Sometimes the band would play in one key, Lawrence in another. His only recourse then was to drown out the band. He could do that, but he usually

got fired.

In his distress, Lawrence hit on an idea. "Since I can't read music, I'll start my own band," he decided. "Then my musicians will have to play everything the way I play it."

He explored pool halls and theaters, recruited musicians on the spot. If they were not good musicians it did not matter; Lawrence enthusiastically drowned them out with his loud accordion. And so "champagne music," the famous beat you hear on television and radio today, was born—when Welk's musicians had to follow the leader.

In the early 20's, Lawrence and band wound up in Yankton, S.D., where he played for radio station wnax. "I thought we were the best in the world," he says, "because people talked about us. Then I dis-

covered wnax was the only radio station anybody could tune in on for hundreds of miles about. They couldn't listen to any other band!"

At this point Welk suffered a shattering blow. His five musicians walked out on him in disgust one

night.

"They said I was a hayseed, that I was ruining their careers," Lawrence recalls sadly. "That really

stung. I almost gave up."

But the show had to go on the air. Lawrence hastily recruited a drummer, a piano player, and a trumpet player with false teeth. The trumpet player merely sat with the band and made motions. Welk laid onto his accordion as never before, and made so much champagne noise that listeners did not suspect that his band had been cut in half.

In Sioux City, Iowa, he married Fern Renner, a trained nurse. Miss Renner, who had delighted in "champagne music" before the marriage, wanted Lawrence out of the band business. She thought her husband should spend some time at home nights.

He tried to please her. He gave up the band to manage a small hotel in Dallas, Texas, and failed. He opened a restaurant in Mason City, Iowa. That failed. He bought a music store in Yankton, and that failed, too. He went into the chewing-gum business. Same result.

Having now thoroughly convinced his wife that he ought to stick to music, Lawrence joined

George T. Kelly, an Irishman who put on shows in small towns and told jokes with a Swedish accent. Mr. Kelly dressed Welk as a Spaniard and took him on tour. The Spanish costume was all right because Lawrence was so shy in public that he could barely mutter his own name.

He stayed with Kelly for three years. At the end of this time he had saved up enough money to start a large band, 17 pieces. In 1939, he wangled a tryout engagement at the fashionable Edgewater Beach

hotel in Chicago.

Lawrence knew then that people liked his danceable, bubbling style. The roaring of his accordion had subsided to a tuneful ripple. But all his confidence was in his music; he had none in himself. He had not been able to make an announcement from any stage.

But at the Edgewater, as a bigname leader at last, he was expected to be charming with words as well as music. Lawrence prepared a script, and memorized it like a schoolboy doing penance. On opening night in an outdoor setting, he stumbled forward, said three words—and his audience shrieked and fled. All his musicians fled, too. Lawrence stood alone on the bandstand, paralyzed but still talking. He finished his entire speech before he realized that a cloudburst had inundated his audience.

The Edgewater Beach engagement was a fiasco, of course. But

the Chicago theater needed a band to play for one week, and Lawrence got the job.

Eddie Weisfeldt, manager of the Riverside theater in Milwaukee, Wis., heard this performance, and came backstage to see Lawrence.

"Tell you what," said Mr. Weisfeldt, "I'll put you on. I'll give you \$1,750 a week, but you'll have to be the master of ceremonies and talk."

Lawrence shuddered. "I can't talk," he moaned.

"No talk, no engagement," said Mr. Weisfeldt. He walked out.

Lawrence was beating his head with his fists 15 minutes later, when the door slowly opened. "Thirty-five hundred dollars?" Weisfeldt inquired softly.

Welk leaped up, grabbed Weisfeldt, and dragged him in. "For \$3,500 I vill talk!" he shouted.

The Milwaukee engagement established Lawrence and his band and made a personality out of Welk himself. He talked, not gracefully, not adroitly—but he talked. And he discovered that when he mispronounced a word, as he occasionally does to this day, his audience laughed with him, not at him. His shyness is so real it has become a Welk trade-mark.

After Milwaukee came engagements in big hotels, a radio show in which the term "champagne music" was first heard, and the engagement at the Aragon ballroom in 1951. Welk took over a deserted hall at which dozens of bands had attracted practically nobody. The night before he opened, there were four couples on the floor. He was originally signed for two weeks, and has played continuously for four years. His first television show came along in July, 1955.

Welk pays \$5,200 a week for musicians and lays out \$30,000 a year for special "champagne music" arrangements. Although Welk now enjoys a Hollywood-size income, he lives modestly with his wife and son, Lawrence, Jr., 15, in Brentwood, Calif. His older daughter, Shirley, 23, was recently married to an intern in Washington, D.C. Their other daughter, Donna, 19, is now attending college in Oakland, Calif.

Lawrence works what appears to be an 18-to-24-hour day, seven days a week, fussing with arrangements as if each old tune were going to be premiered at Carnegie hall. He explains his music like this. "It's an original beat that's emphasized in my music, plus a medium tempo tone with a little lift and bounce. Smooth, and at the same time light. It's whipped up mostly with clarinets, considerable organ, a touch of accordion, and a faint background of saxes. I personally like violins. Two of my bass men and pianists can double on violin. I use the

strings now and then to lend a fine touch."

That may be it, technically, but after those evenings at the ballroom I am convinced that the secret of Welk's "champagne music" is essentially nothing more than the beat and bounce he used to swing out with at German weddings.

The band boys consider Welk a driving taskmaster. But they respect his ambition and marvel at his showmanship.

I saw an example of that the other night. As the evening started, the crowd in the ballroom was lackadaisical. Lawrence stood near the band, watching. I saw his lips move. He was as nervous as a high-school boy in his first debate.

Then he moved in front of the band. The big grin flashed. The warmth poured out. He said nothing funny, did nothing unusual. But both band and crowd responded almost instantly. It was plain to everybody that this sincere man was giving a party and wanted everybody to have a good time. The beat picked up, the music poured, and the couples began to bob and glide.

Me right along with 'em. Several couples grinned to indicate I was at least doing all right. Having fun together is the most fun of all, especially when you are given music you can dance to.



An optimist is a fellow who realizes right now that someday these will be the good old days.

Troy, N.Y., Times Record.

Where Kids Teach Dad How to Farm

Teen-age Future Farmers make big money and revolutionize agriculture

VERY YEAR along about frost-ed-pumpkin time, Kansas City is the rallying point for 10,000 of some of the most unique capitalists in our American way of life. They are a set of teen-age businessmen known as Future Farmers of America.

Nearly all of them have incomes in four or five figures although none of them is old enough to vote. Some of the boys are worth up to \$50,000 that they earned by their own efforts, but they wouldn't be allowed to belong to Future Farmers if they were 21 or older.

This Kansas City gathering, usually a five-day event, is the annual convention of the Future Farmers. The 10,000 delegates represent 375,000 other boys of the organization back home. Learning how to be money-making capitalists is part of their high-school curriculum. In fact, every Future Farmer earns his income as a part of his high-school course under a dedicated agricultural teacher. Each boy learns by doing. That is, he takes textbook agriculture at school and puts it into practice on dad's farm.

He starts with a small project like an acre of corn or cotton, a dairy cow, a flock of chickens. He may borrow money, but he has to take his own risks. What he makes on the project is his own money; what he loses is his own loss. The small projects grow in size until by the end of the four-year high-school course many of the boys have built up big enterprises.

Starting back in 1917, with passage of the Smith-Hughes act, enrollment has gradually increased over the years to 8,800 high-school chapters in all 48 states of the union and some foreign countries.



Participating vocational agricultural teachers are among America's unsung heroes. Take the case of George Williams, 20-year-old son of a tenant farmer, who won a "star farmer" award in 1951. George's father died when he was 16, and at this tender age he was left the responsibility of taking care of his mother. He began his vo-ag course under a fine agricultural teacher who sympathized with his situation and worked with him.

George went through the four ascending grades of Future Farmer membership. At the age of 20 he was managing and sharing the profits of 175 acres of rich land. He was a full-blown diversified farmer raising 15 acres of tobacco, 45 of hay, 50 of small grain, and ten of corn, besides owning 30 head of beef cattle, 46 hogs, and 60 sheep. His net worth was over \$10,000.

Hunter Roy Greenlaw was another youth who at 16 had to take over management of the family farm because of his father's death. He tied the 385 family acres and a few dairy cattle in with his vo-ag high-school course near Fredericksburg, Va. By the time he was 20 he had increased his holdings to nearly 800 acres and 200 head of fine Hereford cattle.

Future Farmers is under the direction of the U.S. Department of Education. A chartered state organization in each state is made up of local chapters, of which there are now 8,800. Unlike the 4-H club, its

membership is composed entirely of boys, while 4-H'ers are of both sexes and, generally speaking, are

younger.

A boy usually becomes eligible for FFA membership when he enters high school. He starts his course in this unique farm youth program as a "green hand," a status he holds for a year. Beyond this there are three higher grades of membership to which he can aspire. Before he can rise to the rank of "future farmer," the second step, he must have in operation a supervised farm program and in connection with his farm enterprise he must earn or productively invest \$25. He must also learn to lead group discussions and know parliamentary procedure.

To become a "state farmer," the third step in the rising scale, he has to have two years of vocational agriculture, operate an exceptional farm program, pass a number of tests, and earn on his own \$250. He has to be in the higher 40% of his class and show a record of active participation in community improvement.

The degree of "American farmer," which is the fourth ascending step, is a rank that only one Future Farmer in 1,000 can attain. For this honor, state groups submit one candidate for each 1,000 members.

At the national convention, a few awards for outstanding achievement are made each year; the winners thereby gain a measure of national recognition. Three boys from three different sections get prizes of \$500 each as regional "star farmers." Five others get \$250 awards for exceptional work in designated fields like dairying or rural electrification. In addition to these, 15 checks of \$200 each are paid to regional winners in these fields.

However, the highest honor of all is "star farmer of America." The boy who wins this prize gets, in addition to the \$1,000 in money, a lot of national acclaim. His picture sometimes becomes a front cover on some of the big magazines and, considering what he did to get there,

he deserves it.

Ioe Moore was chosen for star farmer in 1955. Joe was a 20-yearold boy from Jackson county, Tenn. He started his vocational agricultural work as all the other members had to start. Today, he owns 85 acres and rents 420 more acres from his father at \$1,150 a year. He has bought with his earnings nearly \$15,000 worth of tractors and other machinery. He has more than \$16,000 worth of livestock, including 71 head of beef cattle, among which are 30 prize Aberdeen-Angus; also seven registered Duroc-Jersey sows and 80 sheep. He has won more than 170 prizes at county, state, and national exhibitions. His total worth is \$37,000.

These different achievements on the local level and awards on the national level have made teen-age history. They highlight a learn-bydoing training that is second to none in our national economy. Regardless of whether a Future Farmer boy continues as a farmer or moves into some other field, his business training gives him a splendid foundation for any career.

As a vo-ag student he learns how to keep complete records on operations, profits, losses; how to inventory his assets and liabilities; how to safely borrow money on his operations and keep himself on the sunny side of solvency. He learns the sacredness of a borrowed-capital contract, and knows his obligation to pay it back.

The Future Farmer learns all the best practices in fertilization, crop rotation, insect control, and livestock management. In fact, hundreds of boys, under guidance of their teachers, have made such noticeable success on the family acres that they have revolutionized their dads' farm-

ing practices.

Take the 1948 star farmer, Ray Gene Cinnamon, of Garber, Okla. He started with seven cows that he first earned in payment for farm work he did for others. During his first year in high school he made \$417 net profit. By the time he was graduated he had earned \$18,000 net. At the time he won the starfarmer award he was 19 years old, was managing an 800-acre farm, owned 100 head of cattle, and some hogs and sheep, and was worth \$23,000 in cold cash.

Besides learning to be successful farmers and businessmen in their

own right, these FFA boys are thoroughly trained in community responsibility. Learning to speak fluently in public and to preside over group discussions, they develop a knack of leadership that will later be invaluable in promoting community betterment.

Many local chapters make community projects a vital part of their programs. Some years ago the boys of the Stamping Ground, Va., chapter set up a beautification project for their town. They put on a paintup campaign in which many houses were painted. They planted hedges and flowers. They cleaned up trash

piles, and got the citizens to put a

central heating plant in the school. One of this chapter's greatest achievements was having the city water analyzed. The water was found unfit for human use. As a result of a typhoid scare, the boys got a \$15,000 grant from the federal government plus \$20,000 more from the town to put in a new water

supply.

Another community project was conducted by the chapter in the Pittsburg-unit school of Camp county, Texas. This was, a few years ago, an overworked one-and twocrop area where the land was worn out with cotton and potatoes. Under the leadership of Joe Wimble, the vo-ag teacher, the chapter conducted a survey of farming possibilities. Wimble got his boys to take projects in dairying, beef cattle, soilbuilding clovers and other legumes,

and hybrid seed corn. The youngsters set out thousands of pine trees, and built fish ponds and ponds for watering livestock.

This aggressive show-how campaign revolutionized farming practices of the community. An area that had no grade-A dairies in 1940 boasted 40 in 1953 producing an income of around \$400,000. That was about twice the average income produced by cotton in previous vears.

In nine years, beef production in the region increased from practically nothing to sale of more than 5,000 head totaling nearly \$220,000. Hybrid seed corn had become a big money-maker. For several years Future Farmers have won the corngrowing contests, producing from four to eight times the average of the county, which is around 22 bushels an acre.

At the national level, the Future Farmer organization is governed by six officials elected each year at the convention. They are president, secretary, and four vice presidents. They work somewhat under the guidance of an adult board of directors from the U.S. Office of Education, but by and large the organization is run by the boys themselves.

Dr. W. F. Stanton, chief of the Agricultural Education branch, predicts that within 25 years vocational agriculture will be set up in 15,000 rural communities and that the FFA membership will total more than a half million.

Women Can't Cook!

-a man says, and, he adds, they could learn a lot about buying, too

A FTER YEARS of exasperated observation, I am convinced that women don't belong in the kitchen. I am not referring to my wife in particular but to women in general. They make neither good cooks nor good dishwashers.

Any intelligent man can become a better cook than any woman of equal intelligence. The evidence is all around us. There are many intelligent women, but you could count the great woman cooks on the fingers of one hand.

Scarcely any good restaurants in the world employ women in any capacity in the kitchen. (I am not talking about tea shoppes which specialize in chicken à la king, green peas, and cold mashed potatoes.) Good cooking is both a science and an art, and women don't make good scientists or good artists.

A good cook must be many things—chemist, heating engineer, refrigeration expert, meat buyer, efficient produce purchaser, something of a metallurgist, sanitation specialist, a genius at taking pains, and a saint in the face of adversity. None of the young women getting married



these days fits such specifications. Neither did their mothers.

Perhaps it is a good thing that complete frozen meals and ready-cooked foods are so widely available. Most such meals are at least prepared with skill and science, and, although rather flat because seasoned for the average taste, they include many dishes most women wouldn't even try.

Here, then, is the indictment of women as mistresses of the kitchen (granting that there are some exceptions).

1. Women are poor food shoppers. They do not recognize quality, let alone demand it.

2. Women lack originality as cooks. Most of them cannot improvise in an emergency.

^{*}Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. September, 1956. © 1956 by Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

3. Women have no genuine interest in cooking. They complain that it is monotonous. If their husbands approached their own "monotonous" work in shop, office, or factory in like manner, all would starve. Most women never learn that good cooking can be interesting, even exciting, and a source of pride in a job well done.

4. Women do not study their job as cooks. Reading a new recipe is not studying; learning why certain ingredients and processes produce

certain results is.

5. Women are inefficient. Their knives are never sharp; the utensils they need are never ready to hand; they can't time things. They need a lazy man to show them how to get the job done with least effort.

6. Women have no daring. Rather than risk a magnificent failure, they steer a course of mediocre success. They think that fine cooking takes too much time, and is "too fancy" for everyday living. They are frightened by unfamiliar names, feeling that anything called beef à la Stroganoff, veal Scallopini au Marsala, or wiener schnitzel must be very hard to prepare. Actually these dishes are simple, and the sort of thing most men like.

The same reluctance to try anything new extends to individual food items. This isn't true of all women, but how many ever even consider using tripe, leeks, mussels, squid, tongues, guinea hens, eels, oxtails?

7. Women are impatient of little details, except in the embellishment of a cake or dessert (and there they

go to town).

Much of the gay conceit that women can cook goes back to Mother. However, people who speak reverently of the way "mother used to cook" forget that they enjoyed her cooking most when they were young and hungry, ready to eat anything. They also forget that mother always made the same old tried and true dishes, and that they had to move into the outside world of good restaurants to learn that there was something to eat besides fried chicken, roast beef, mashed potatoes, and apple pie.

Feminine failure in the kitchen often begins in the grocery. I shop at a supermarket, and have an infallible method for buying the best meat. I wait until the women shoppers have picked over the steaks, roasts, or whatever is on display; then I gladly take what they have left. Women judge a piece of beef good when it has a bright red color and little fat or bone. What they choose may be economical but it is also tough and tasteless. What they leave for me is tender and flavorful.

There is no such thing as good fresh beef. When beef hangs awhile to age before being sold, it acquires a darker shade and is less attractive. Lean center-cut pork chops (the expensive kind) look pretty and have the least flavor. The tender, juicy pork chop is the one that's some-

what fatty and not too pretty. Lean chicken is worthless for anything

but frying.

Women's lack of knowledge extends to other food buying. This article is not a shopping guide, but -the biggest, prettiest lemons and oranges are seldom the juiciest, if it's juice you are after. The prettiest "eating" apples are all too often dry, mealy, and unappetizing. The cheapest coffee is often the most expensive because it takes so much more to make a good cup. Onions aren't just onions, but differ widely in strength. Sour cream isn't really sour (vou'd be surprised how many women won't even try this fine aid to cooking).

When they get their misguided purchases home, women really have a field day in mismanagement. Meats, which were readied for sale in the new airtight plastic wrapping, are put into the refrigerator just that way to sweat and gather moisture, instead of being rewrapped in brown paper. Celery leaves (very useful in soups and stews because the real celery flavor is concentrated there) are thrown away: so are beet leaves, which make nice cooked greens. Mustard goes on ice, to clutter up the refrig-

erator needlessly.

But let's go on to the actual cooking. Most women don't even know how to boil water, and this is no revamp of an ancient gag! Some things should be put into furiously boiling water (macaroni, for in-

stance) and others should be put into cold water which is brought to a boil gradually (hard-"boiled" eggs, for example) and never allowed to really boil thereafter.

If the recipe calls for "boiled beef," women boil it-and how! But beef that is boiled rather than simmered is tough and tasteless. Boiled fish is another term that has misled many a woman cook. Fish should never be boiled, but poached. Boiled coffee is never boiled. I make it by putting the coffee in cold water, which is brought to a boil, and removed immediately from the fire: it is then returned to the fire and brought to a boil again. This is repeated several times, then the coffee is set aside to settle.

When the cookbook says "sear the meat," the lady of the house shows a feminine lack of courage by browning it timidly in a semihot pan, instead of getting the fat so hot it's ready to smoke, and slapping the meat into it with a great sputtering and crackling. So the juices leak out, and the pallid thing that is brought to the table lacks tenderness and flavor. When I sear meats, the kitchen is an inferno of sound and smoke-but the meat is seared. (And it isn't burned, either!)

Women cooks put on their most hopeless performance in the concoction of sauces. Yes, they do make white sauces, and some other chemical failures; but I don't know one who can make a decent hollandaise, Bearnaise, Bechamel, or any of the

thousand and one good sauces that embellish good meat and fish. Women don't make good sauces because most are difficult, and they won't try. (Of course, if you would like a peachy little old chocolate-syrup-vanilla-fudge-maraschino-cherrypineapple-chunkies sauce to pour over ice cream, women do it much better than men.)

Now let's look at what happens in the kitchen after the meal is over. Women should be kept from the kitchen entirely if for no other reason than the "care" they take of pots, pans, dishes, cutlery. Good cast-iron skillets are allowed to "soak," and thus to rust. Porcelain and enamelware are scraped and chipped in cleaning. Sharp knives are blunted by being tossed into the general tableware. Wooden articles are plunged into dishwater, then drained dry so that they warp.

Women won't understand that water has no place, or little place, in cleaning some things, and neither for some things do soap or detergents. I use little water on cast-iron frying pans or Dutch ovens. If such a pan is plunged into hot water and suds, then scoured, the next food cooked in it will stick.

After using such a skillet or Dutch oven, I pour off the excess grease, rinse it with warm water if necessary, and wipe it carefully and thoroughly with a paper towel. This leaves a patina of grease inside the pan that protects it from rust and prevents food sticking. Ordinary steel pans require similar care; aluminum and stainless steel do not.

Scouring pads, especially those with built-in soap, are excellent for some utensils, ruinous for others. This makes no difference to the nonreasoning female who, noting how nicely they polish aluminum, happily uses them on all skillets, including the iron ones, thus scouring out the patina.

Women laugh and laugh when I tell them to wash anything containing fish or onion odors in cold water. They scrub and wash with hot water and suds, and wonder why they can't get rid of the fish or onion smell. Hot water and soap "fixes" such odors by breaking down and spreading the oils that carry them; cold water simply rinses the oils away.

Mark you, I am not advocating that men take over the kitchen chores in addition to their daily work. Neither do I think that any uninformed man could step into a kitchen and cook by instinct. But he would learn; he would be daring; he would be experimental, if he had to do it. And before long he'd outcook the average woman.

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I have found that when it comes to putting our three-year-old to bed, the night has a thousand whys.

Don Anderson.

New Help for the 'Different' Child

Georgetown's clinic is aiding mentally retarded children-and their parents

TITLE MABEL CLARK walked into the well-stocked play-room on the 2nd floor of Georgetown university hospital and looked timidly around for several minutes. Then she stepped cautiously up to a big plastic punching-bag clown named BoBo, and pushed him—just a little. Next, she became interested in a toy medical kit and then in a dollhouse.

Everything she did was observed by a doctor who sat in the room. A psychologist and several medical students watched from the next room through a one-way window. The playroom was a very special playroom, part of the retarded children's clinic at the Georgetown university medical center. And the doctors were trying to determine whether or not Mabel was genuinely "retarded." The way a child plays can reveal a great deal about his mental development.

Mental retardation is one of our most tragic problems; it affects ten times more people than polio—even by pre-Salk vaccine statistics. About 5 million Americans are mentally retarded.

arents

Today and every day in the U. S., about 300 children will be born whose minds will not keep pace with their developing bodies. Some will need as much care as a baby throughout the whole course of their lives. Others will have to be continually supervised. Most of them will be able to get along fairly well, but only with special schooling. The parents of all these children will have heartaches far beyond the normal share.

Two years ago, a young government worker, Ralph Orcutt, dropped in to see an acquaintance, Dr. Robert P. Nenno, at Georgetown. Himself the father of a retarded child, Orcutt wanted to spare other parents the emotional and financial strain of journeying from doctor to doctor for help. He thought

that every community ought to have at least one place where an accurate diagnosis could be made, and the parents told what to expect and what to do. Would Georgetown consider opening such a clinic?

Dr. Nenno thought it a good idea. His chief in the department of psychiatry, Dr. George N. Raines, agreed. So did Dr. Frederick G. Burke, chief of pediatrics, and Dr. Francis M. Forster, chief of neurology and dean of the medical school. They called on the community for help, with heartening results.

Washington and Maryland groups affiliated with the National Association for Retarded Children raised \$5,500 for a start. Two Washington groups, HELP (Help for Exceptional Little People) and Congressional Secretaries, joined in; they gave a card party that raised \$4,000. The American Legion auxiliary contributed \$500. The Junior League voted to contribute \$12,000 a year for three years. In addition, the league members agreed to contribute work as clerks, nurses' aides, and substitute mothers while the children are being tested. An organization called ATAC (Aids to All Charities), composed largely of lewish women, offered to help.

"This represents real community effort," says Dr. Richard M. Auld, executive director of the clinic.

Just as its support comes from people of all creeds, the clinic serves all who seek its help, regardless of belief or ability to pay the moderate fees. (There is one stipulation: the clinic will accept only cases referred to it by a doctor or social worker.)

Thanks to the clinic, troubled parents can submit their problem to a panel of specialists. Dr. Auld is a pediatrician; he makes an appraisal of the child's general state of health. A neurologist examines the child for signs of injury to the brain or spinal cord. Then Miss Mary E. Reidy, a clinical psychologist, gives the child tests for intelligence. She also tries to learn how he gets along with people. A child psychiatrist, Dr. Sydney Salus, studies his emotional health.

But the investigation is not concerned wholly with the child himself. If anything is to be done for him, the clinic must also know a great deal about his home life and the people close to him. So other staff members, Miss Juanita Thorne and Miss Lora Pinkney, psychiatric social workers, spend hours talking to his family.

Each specialist works by himself. Then the staff members assemble, pool observations, and draw up a program for the family.

Sometimes the diagnosis offers parents more encouragement than they had dared hope. Little Mabel Clark is an example. At one point in her playing she picked up a doll and telephoned a doctor. "This child is sick," she told him. "Do something." She said it matter-offactly, without warmth. A little lat-

er she placed the doll in a house and cautioned it never to go out on the sidewalk, never to run, never to throw anything, and never to make

any noise.

Was Mabel acting out things that had happened to her? Yes. After arrival of twins in the Clark family, when Mabel was a year and a half, the girl had felt shut away from her mother's love. Mrs. Clark, without meaning to, had neglected her. By the time Mabel had reached 1st grade, she was too withdrawn to take part in school work. Her teacher and the family doctor ascribed her lack of interest to mental retardation.

So the clinic was able to give the Clarks good news. Mabel had normal intelligence; there was no basic reason why she should not be able to do well in school. But first she would need some help in straightening out her emotional problem. Her mother, too, would need guidance.

Mabel's was a case of what the clinic doctors call pseudo (false) retardation. Among the 50 children examined since the clinic opened a year ago were several others whose troubles were principally emotional. In other instances, youngsters who had been considered retarded were found to have normal intellects, but needed treatment for poor sight or hearing. Still others had difficulty in using arms or legs, or suffered from epilepsy. A few proved to be psychotic.

Georgetown's specialists know

that any or all of these factors may be present in a case of pseudo retardation. Interviews, tests, and examinations take about 12 hours, spread over several weeks. Even then if the evidence is not clear-cut, the child may be placed in the hospital a few days for other tests. The child may be given an electroencephalogram, which shows the brain-wave pattern, and a pneumoencephalogram, an X-ray picture of the brain cavities.

In most cases, this detailed procedure confirms the parents' fear; their child is, indeed, retarded. But precisely because the examination is so detailed, the diagnosis often comes as a relief to the parents. Once certainty is established, the family can accept its burden and plan how best to carry it.

Look at the case of Sarah and Ed Jones and Eddie, Jr. Obviously, something is wrong with little Eddie. At three, he barely walks; he can say only a few words. He is still in diapers. Put him on the floor with some toys and he will paw at them and try to get them into his mouth. His behavior is that of a

year-old baby.

Three specialists have been consulted, and each has told Sarah and Ed that Eddie is retarded. They won't accept so hard a verdict. They tell themselves that perhaps their child is a little slow, but they cling to the hope that he'll outgrow it. Ed especially, like many another father, won't admit that his first-

born, his namesake, could be any-

thing but normal.

They bring Eddie to the clinic. The results of the tests are broken to them gently: Eddie's brain shows some damage. He was probably injured either before or at birth; no one can say exactly how or why. (Medical science now believes that most cases of retardation have little to do with heredity. Even a family of superior intelligence may have a retarded child.)

"There is no such thing as a 'cure,'" one of the doctors tells Ed and Sarah. "But we can do a lot to help Eddie make the best of his capabilities. That's what all of us want to do for every child, retarded

or not, isn't it?"

The doctor outlines a program that includes special training in the use of Eddie's muscles, such as practice in using knife, fork, and spoon. All of this will take time and patience, but in two years Eddie probably will be ready for a special type of nursery school. "Don't drive him," the doctor cautions. "Guide him. When there is something new for him to learn, try making a game of it."

"One final point," he adds. "Why not join the National Association for Retarded Children? There you'll meet other people with children like Eddie. You'll get ideas from them,

and strength, too."

Sarah and Ed leave, feeling somewhat relieved. At last they know how matters stand; they have something definite to do. They have been heartened, too, by the doctor's instructions to bring Eddie back in

a year for a checkup.

A case of mental retardation can strain family relationships to the breaking point, causing untold suffering for both parents and children. Little Jimmy Peterson was six when his parents read about the clinic in a Washington newspaper and asked their doctor to make an appointment. But they had almost given up

Jimmy did seem pretty helpless. He could walk only a few steps; his speech was an infantile babble; his interest in toys was that of a young-

ster half his age.

The social worker who called at the home found that Mrs. Peterson's parents lived with them, and that Mr. Peterson's lived in the same neighborhood. Ever since Iimmy had first appeared to be retarded -when, at the age of a year, he could not sit up-each set of grandparents had been telling the other, "It must be on your side." Even the parents had taken up the argument.

"This is a fairly common story," comments Dr. Auld. "I once knew a woman who insisted that her child was retarded because her husband came from 'bad stock'-one of his uncles, she argued, was 'only a me-

chanic."

"People with retarded children," the social worker put in, "are often anxious, ashamed, and afraid. The Petersons were hitting at one another in a mixed-up effort to defend themselves."

Despite this constant bickering, the parents stuck together for Jimmy's sake. Because of their vague feeling of guilt, they carried him whenever he tried to walk somewhere, and in other ways loaded him with attentions. So, born handicapped, Jimmy was given the further handicap of having little incentive to develop.

Gradually, the clinic helped the Petersons to look at the situation realistically. They understood that neither of them was to blame for Jimmy's trouble. And they see now that Jimmy must be encouraged to do what he can.

A speech therapist is helping Jimmy to learn to make himself understood. Later, he will go to a nursery school for experience in getting along with people. The clinic's tests showed that Jimmy is "trainable"; that is, he can learn to dress and feed himself. Later on, perhaps, he can handle a simple job. Whether or not he can be taught reading and writing remains to be seen. For that, he needs an IQ of at least 50. But until his emotional difficulties have been cleared up, his intelligence cannot be even approximately measured.

But Jimmy's parents already feel a lot better about the situation and are beginning to see that their marriage need not be ruined by this adversity.

Four-year old Stephanie repre-

sents the opposite side of the coin. Though severely retarded, she is a sweet, attractive youngster. Her mother takes care of her without complaint, but tends to neglect her three older children. "Stephanie is my cross," she insists, "and I must look after her as long as I live."

The clinic is trying to change her mind. Staff members feel that to insure proper care for the other children, and to protect Stephanie herself from overattention, the child should be placed in some appropriate school.

In addition to providing diagnosis and guidance, the clinic gives an opportunity for Georgetown nurses, doctors, and medical students to get firsthand experience with mental retardation, an important consideration if progress is to be made in resolving this tragic problem. The clinic serves also as a research center, giving its doctors a chance to study causes of mental retardation and investigate measures that might lead to prevention or even, in some cases, cure.

Results at Georgetown cannot be measured for many months, but the work thus far indicates that mental retardation offers a hopeful field. For instance, each year about 2,000 babies are born with a disorder that destroys their red blood cells. The disorder is thought to occur because their blood is RH-positive while that of their mothers is RH-negative. Only a few years ago, 50% of these infants died, and many others

became mentally retarded. Research showed how to prevent the trouble: give the baby a new supply of blood (by transfusion).

A certain type of mental deficiency, it was discovered a few years ago, occurs because some people can't utilize a particular food factor, an amino acid called phenylalanine. This substance accumulates in their blood and eventually damages the brain. If the case is diagnosed early enough, the trouble can be prevented by giving the child a diet low in phenylalanine.

Another factor in mental retardation is galactosemia, which occurs when the child can't utilize galactose, a sugar found in milk. Here again, if discovered early enough, the condition can be remedied by special diet.

All the conditions just mentioned are very rare, but Dr. Auld points out, "Since medical science has shown us how to prevent or treat

these rare cases, there is hope that it will enable us to do something about the others, as well."

Some of the "other" factors that can be responsible for mental retardation are accidents; X-rays taken before birth; certain diseases, particularly German measles; poor diet; and conditions (including excessive anesthesia) that reduce the supply of oxygen to the child's brain.

All these conditions may lead to damaged brain cells. They cause many more cases of retardation, it is now believed, than either injuries at birth or the effects after birth of illnesses such as meningitis and encephalitis; and of poisons, like lead and carbon monoxide.

If all this sounds alarming, remember that not more than three children out of 100 are mentally retarded. If your family is expecting a child, you can be sure that the chances are very high that it will be normal in every way.



PLAYING FAVORITES

A sociologist was starting research for a book in which he planned to show the misery resulting from large families. He knew that a family with 13 children lived in his own neighborhood, and made tactful arrangements to interview the mother.

After taking down information about the children's ages, the family income, and such matters, he asked her, "Do you think all children deserve the full, impartial love and attention of a mother?"

"Of course," she said.

"Well, which of your children do you love the most?" he asked, hoping to catch her in a contradiction.

"The one who is sick until he gets well," she answered, "and the one who is away until he gets home."

The Redemptorist Record (Sept.-Oct. '56).

Your Marriage: the Ten Minutes That Make or Break It

Much depends on just what happens when hubby comes home from work

job. But your behavior during just a few minutes of each day can really make or break your marriage. These crucial few minutes occur when the husband arrives home in the evening and the wife greets him.

Why is this time so important? Mae T. Mooney, director of the Family Life Education program at the Family Service association of Greater Boston, points out that all day long husband and wife have been living in separate worlds, each with its own problems. Now, at his homecoming, the two worlds collide.

What happens? Before the husband can get hat and coat off, does his wife open a drumfire of disaster about the leak in the roof, Junior's fight at school, the trouble with the butcher? If she does, does he bury his own bruises of the day behind the evening paper? Or does he react more violently?

How is your own behavior at "reunion time"? Here are three questions for wives, three for husbands, and four for both. Highest possible score is 110. If you hit 100, your marriage was made in heaven. Seventy should keep you far from disaster. Below 50 means you should brush up on your marriage manners.

For Wives

1. Are you there? Nothing is so chilling to a husband's homecoming



as calling out a cheery greeting to an empty house. Take ten points if you were home every night last week, five if you missed only once. Wives with jobs can take ten points —if they are working with hus-

*420 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. Aug. 12, 1956. © 1956 by United Newspapers Magazine Corp., and reprinted with permission.

band's approval and of necessity.

2. Are you a rod passer? No man wants to be an ogre to his kids. You're being unfair if you expect him to punish a child the moment he gets home. Take ten points if you didn't save any disciplinary problems for him during the last two weeks, five if you handed him only one at homecoming.

3. Do you help him to relax? Husbands vary, but you should be enough of an expert on his psychology to know what kind of climate best relieves his office tension or shop fatigue. Maybe a bit of housekeeping is in order. Does he arrive home famished? Then be sure dinner is on the way by the time he hits the threshold. Does he like to putter in the garden for a while? Then let him alone. Give yourself ten points if you tried every night last week to create the homecoming atmosphere he likes; five if you slipped up just once.

For Husbands

1. Do you really look at her? If your wife has gone to some trouble to make herself, the children, and the living room look brighter for your homecoming, it's up to you to show that you appreciate it. Give yourself ten points if you said, "That looks nice," or words to that effect, as often as three times when you came in last week. Give yourself five if you gave praise once.

2. Do you duck responsibility? When your wife comes up with a

problem which she wants to share with you, do you duck it by saying you have more important things to worry about? Or do you take an active enough interest to ask her about how her day went? Give yourself ten points if you did that three times last week. Take five points if you did twice.

3. Does your wife come first? When you open the door, do you let the kids drag you off to some project before you've even said "Hello" to your wife? You owe your first greeting to her, and the kiss you give her will give your kids the feeling of a happy home. Take ten points if you try to give your wife top priority, five if you backslide only occasionally.

For Husbands and Wives

1. Are you a doorstep trouble spouter? Every member of the family must have a chance to blow off steam, but there's a better time and place than at the doorstep. Take ten points if for one week you avoided exploding a bombshell of woe in the first few minutes. For only one outburst, take five.

2. Do you "Stop, look, and listen"? If your spouse is in a black mood at reunion time, how do you behave? Do you join in the fray, or try to help him or her out of the mood? Take ten points if you're a natural peacemaker, five points if you merely keep quiet till the storm

blows over.

3. Are you a signal watcher? That

tight crease at the mouth should warn you that sales orders were down today or that Junior's report card has three "unsatisfactories." If you try to recognize these danger signs and change your approach accordingly, you can take 20 points. If you failed only once last week, take ten.

4. Do you give some sign of affection? There are a million different ways to say "I love you," but do it, your own way, at least once before you pick up the evening newspaper. Here you can allow yourself anything from a chilly zero up to a romantic 40.

One final caution: All of us are subject to moods that may change hourly, but successful husbands and wives try to adjust to each other. And they accept with good nature one sure thing: they're bound to fail once in a while!

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

I was a Red Cross nurse and my husband was an army doctor during the 1st World War. We were both stationed at Camp Travis, Tex., when the 'flu epidemic of 1918 broke out.

Because I was expecting a baby, I was allowed to resign from the Red Cross, and my husband was permitted to live off post. We took an apartment in town, but, as the epidemic grew more and more serious, I often didn't see my husband for days.

One evening I was home alone when I received an urgent phone call from the commanding officer of the post hospital. "We need every bit of help we can get," he said. "Couldn't you please come on temporary duty?"

"But my baby is due in just a couple of weeks," I objected. "I mustn't risk catching the 'flu. Couldn't you get somebody else?"

"Lady," the officer cried, "there are men out here who haven't had nursing care in days! Many of them are dying. For the love of God, won't you come out here?"

Here was a plea I couldn't ignore. I hastened to the hospital, and was assigned to an officers' ward. Entering the dim barn of a room, I heard moans and calls for help on every side. I began working down the ward row by row. Suddenly I stopped, horrified. Stretched on a cot in that appalling room lay my husband, apparently dying. The 'flu had struck him so suddenly that he had been unable to notify me, and because of the help shortage, no one else had thought to do so.

My reward? It was to see him, after many anxious days, sitting up in his cot, eating a hearty meal. Since then, life has been good to us; yet I shall never forget that day when God, in his mysterious way, taught me that Hearts are Trumps.

As told to Sister M. P.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]

R for People Under Pressure

Our need to work with our hands is as basic as our need to eat

T was 11 at night and I had just come home from a medical meeting. My wife met me at the door. "You're to see June Day," she said. "She's taken an overdose of sleeping pills." There was nothing for it but to get going again and do whatever I could for Miss Day.

Miss Day was a successful movie actress. (I call her June Day because that name so well describes her.) Before she was five, her parents had her in show business. She had gone on to stardom, a publicity agent, an inspired director, a canny producer, barrels of fan mail, and a dream house complete with swimming pool, four servants, and a box of sleeping pills.

Forty hours after I arrived she was able to answer my "But why did you do it?"

"I just felt that I had to get away from it all," she said. "Waiting around hours on the movie set; agents telling me I should get more



money; income-tax trouble; business agents talking about investments; publicity stunts—and then that nightmarish evening when I took those pills! I had been to the opening of my latest picture. Crowds of people simply poured on me. I was mauled. Someone cut a piece out of my mink coat for a souvenir. I thought then, 'If this is success, I don't want any part of it!' I wanted to get away from it all, but there was no place to go."

She was right. For the person who wants to get away from it all, there is no place to go.

Should I tell her that she had everything to live for: money, fame, automobiles, a house with a view? I put the thought aside. No one has anything to live for unless he

^{*© 1956} by David Harold Fink, and reprinted with permission of Simon & Schuster, Inc., 630 5th Ave., New York City 20. 275 pp. \$3.50.

has something worth dying for, and what June had certainly was not

worth dying for.

"You say that you want to get away from it all," I said. "That's just the opposite of the truth. You're discontented because you've never actually got with it. Learn to get with things; you'll find it's wonderful. The more you get with it all, the less you'll want to get away from it all."

Miss Day had been able to get with one thing only: acting. She had a good figure and a pretty face. She had an excellent speaking voice and she knew how to follow theatrical direction. She had something else, too, something hard to define: that sense of the theater without which a girl can never become an actress. On the stage she made her supporting cast seem better than they were. She held a scene together. Given good lines to read, she infused them with the quality of life itself.

"I've been in show business since I was five," she said. Then—unwittingly—she stated her tragedy. "It's all I know. I can't get with people; I can't get with anything. I always feel that I'm different, on the outside of everything, except, of course, acting."

Believe it or not, she couldn't even fry an egg! She couldn't knit a sweater. She couldn't keep a checkbook straight. Someone always did such things for her.

I don't mean that June Day was

stupid. Like many other successful people, she was bright and talented, but uneducated. I have treated many highly successful people from all walks of life—doctors, lawyers, writers, composers, and businessmen and women. They were highly intelligent in most situations, but in some important department of their lives they were uneducated. In some part of the world in which they had to live they did not feel at ease. Not to feel at ease in this world is a terrible thing. It makes one want to get away from it all.

There is no way out, but there is a way in. To escape from the feeling that one is an unnecessary encumbrance, one must make himself needed. To make something of yourself you have to make something of things outside yourself.

"You have four servants," I said.
"Put them to work. Make them
teach you the things they know
how to do. Simply by trying to
learn you will win their respect, and

your own, too."

So she learned to knit, to cook, to sew, and to shop. Knitting gave her something to do with her hands while waiting on the set between scenes. To make her re-education really worth while, I arranged for her to visit hospitalized veterans. She got to know some of them and gave them the sweaters she had knitted.

Simple? Oh, yes, but for her it opened up a new world. She discovered that doing something with

her own hands for someone she knew was different from authorizing a check for some charity she had never heard of. Get away from it all? Before long she couldn't get

close enough.

You may argue that June Day's is a special case. True, she was pushed into acting by ambitious parents who were eager to exploit her talents. She was taught only reading, writing, and arithmetic. She was denied the satisfaction of a fundamental human need, the need to use one's hands. But it is this very need that is frustrated more and more in our modern industrial society.

What is today called progressive education is an attempt to provide the school child with experiences which, when I was a boy, were a part of normal, everyday living but are no longer a part of city life.

The need to manipulate things is as real as the need for food. We have needs of various kinds which must be satisfied one way or another if we are to stay on balance, and the need to keep in touch with our environment by handling it success-

fully is one of them.

When you were eight weeks old you were able to seize and hold a rattle. A monkey would have caught on much more quickly. But that's one difference between man and monkey. When a monkey is six months old he has acquired his maximum skill. At six months a human child is banging away with

a clothespin, putting it in his mouth, losing it, reaching for it, and having a big time for himself in his ceaseless desire to explore his world.

Unlike the monkey, man never stops learning, for his urge to explore has no limits. The monkey learns all he is ever going to learn in a few months. Man's ability to learn is endless. He stops learning, not when there is nothing new to learn, but when he feels that he has satisfied his need to know. For some ageless people this time never comes.

Whenever any basic need is frustrated we feel nervous tension. Sometimes we know what is making us anxious and dissatisfied; more often we don't. All we know is that we feel bored and out of touch with things. We notice this especially when the need to do something with our hands is frustrated. When we have nothing to do but twiddle our thumbs, we feel out of sorts, dissatisfied with ourselves, and irritated by everyone else.

Machines have taken drudgery out of our lives, but as the case of June Day shows, they have left a vacuum. Drudgery is something we can cope with, but boredom is sickening. Scientific research has demonstrated that boredom alone can cause severe nervous breakdowns with distressing symptoms of or-

ganic disease. It is civilization itself which has snatched handicrafts out of our

hands and transferred them to factory and machine. This change has given us more cheap cotton cloth and more neurotic dermatitis; more canned soups and more stomach ulcers: more automatic furnaces and more neurotic chills. The machine has made our lives softer and easier, giving us foam-rubber padded cells to cushion our rebellion against futility.

Some people regard manual work as beneath their dignity. This snobbish attitude is a holdover from ancient times, when the warrior received the honors; working with one's hands was thought fit only for the lowly. Today we realize that handwork has cultural value.

The history of man can be read in the history of weaving. There are a million hand weavers in this country today, making beautiful fabrics unlike those that can be bought in stores. Very few of them make much cash profit, but the profit they realize from the joy of creation is more than money can buy. The skillful use of shuttle, treadles, and thread; the excitement of combining colors and textures; and the pleasure in the finished product are rewards that spell happiness. Everyone has within himself the need to create something and to see himself reproduced in his own creation.

You've seen the key jigglers, the nail biters, the table drummers, all seeking to release nervous tension by using their hands. Often, they

are the daydreamers who waste their energy in creating fantasies. The handworker deals with real things, and by so doing masters

reality.

Reality differs from fantasy in being stubborn. To manage it you have to get with it. Thread has its own way of behaving and you can't force it; you have to understand it to make it do what you wish. Woolen thread behaves differently from linen thread. Silk has its idiosyncrasies. Even wood has its own way of behaving; to get along with a piece of wood you have to go with the grain.

To deal with paint, brick, stone, iron or clay successfully you must handle them sensitively. When you finally get to know them so well that you have their behavior at your fingertips, you have achieved something that is truly rewarding; you are in intimate contact with reality.

Millions of people are finding happiness in such tension-releasing hobbies as cabinetmaking, ceramics, and sewing. In these hobbies one has something to show for time spent. Whatever that something may be, it increases self-esteem. "What? Did you design and make that yourself? Why, it looks professional. It's beautiful, and the detail is perfect." How would you feel if someone said that about a dress you had made? Or about a beautifully designed cabinet?

Unhappy people always say that they want only to be like other people. Well, what do other people do?

Time magazine reports that in 1953, 11 million amateur carpenters worked on 500 million square feet of plywood. They manipulated 25 million power tools, which used enough electricity to light the city of Jacksonville, Fla., for a year. Out of every gallon of paint made in the U.S. three quarts (400 million gallons) were spread by amateur home decorators. Thirty-five million resourceful women used 750 million yards of cloth to make their own clothes. (June Day was one of them.)

Many people nowadays are going back to baking their own bread. And besides the million hand weavers in the U.S., there are, more surprisingly, some 3 million amateur painters.

How many of these weavers, painters, cabinetmakers, and dress designers will become great artists? I don't know or care; I think that what they're doing is splendid. For every one of them will share, to some extent, the priceless satisfaction that comes from looking at one's work and seeing that it is good.



WHO OWNS YOUR PRESCRIPTION?

Who is the legal owner of that slip of paper containing your doctor's scrawl which you bring to the druggist to have filled?

Some states have definite laws governing ownership of prescriptions, but many do not. The generally accepted rule is this: when the customer has received the compounded prescription, and has paid for it, the pharmacist is then the owner.

In states having definite laws, the druggist must keep the original prescription on file for from one to five years. There are, however, narcotic prescriptions controlled by federal law. The pharmacist must keep such prescriptions on file for two years.

Suppose the doctor has devised a special formula for his patient. Who then is legal owner of the prescription?

It is still the druggist. In fact, he may even use the formula for his own commercial purposes, if he doesn't use the doctor's name. The only exceptions are cases in which the doctor has patented the formula.

How about the medicine itself? May the purchaser do whatever he likes with it, or must he confine its use to himself? Unless the drugs contained in the medication are controlled by federal law, he may do whatever he likes with it.

Fred R. Bachmann

In and Out of 'Who's Who'

You can't get in just by having a famous name

or almost two generations the volume which has come closer than any other publication in our country to constituting a contemporary hall of fame is the big red book of personal accomplishment, Who's Who in America. Recently the most name-laden edition (vol. 29) yet to appear in the 58-year life of this publication made its debut. The volume includes more than 54,800 biographical listings.

Wheeler Sammons, Ir., assistant to the publisher, estimates that the new volume contains more than 9 million words, or 11 times the number of words in the Old and New Testaments combined. Even so, for this issue a concerted effort was made to cut down the length of Who's Who listings by confining them more strictly to data of current national interest. Years ago the late Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia university had 129 lines of type in his sketch, and others have been even longer. The greatest space in recent editions has been accorded to the late Thomas I. Watson, chairman of the International Business

Machines Corp., who received 181 lines in vol. 28. But under the new policy he has 44 lines in vol. 29.

Models of brevity have been the sketches of President Eisenhower and former President Truman.



When Eisenhower was commander at NATO he noticed that his listing had grown longer and longer as he acquired new honors. He decided to cut it down. He first pared it to 24 lines, and then to 19, where it now stands in the new volume. Former President Truman compressed his entry to 26 lines. (He also argued that his middle initial, S, should be followed by a period, even though it stood for no middle name, but he was overruled.)

About 20% of the listings in Who's Who are of what the editors call an "arbitrary" nature; that is,

*25 W. 45th St., New York City 36. Aug. 18, 1956. © 1956 by Saturday Review, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

entries devoted to individuals elected or appointed to responsible political, judicial, or legislative offices, and listed by reason of their incumbency rather than because of personal achievements. In the "arbitrary" category come the President, vice president, Cabinet members, senators, and congressmen; state governors and attorneys-general; high-ranking diplomats, judges, and churchmen; admirals and generals; college presidents, and members of certain scientific and philanthropic societies.

The present crop of Who's Who newcomers covers almost every phase of human activity. They include Nobel prize winners A. Hugo Theorell and Halldor K. Laxness, in medicine and literature, respectively; Mayors Richard J. Daley of Chicago and Will F. Nicholson of Denver; Ambassadors Richard Lee Jones, to Liberia, and Robert H. Thayer, to Rumania; actress Julie Harris and movie stars Ernest Borgnine, Eva Marie Saint, Grace Kelly, and Marilyn Monroe.

In the realm of television we find the names of Steve Allen, George Gobel, Jackie Gleason, and Garry Moore; ballet dancer Tanaquil Le Clercq; Japanese dancer Tokuho Azume IV; singers Kurt Baum and Tebaldi; and Theodore K. Lawless, dermatologist and winner of the Spingarn medal of the NAACP.

There are—believe it or not—approximately 45 persons from vol. 1 who still are listed in vol. 29. One

of these is Josef Hofmann, the pianist, who was born in Cracow, Poland, Jan. 20, 1876. At the age of seven this prodigy attracted the attention of Anton Rubinstein. At the age of 11 he was going on concert tours, and has had a brilliant career over the years as pianist and composer. Today at the age of 80 he still gives concerts occasionally, and maintains a lively interest in things musical.

Another person whose name has appeared successively in 29 editions of *Who's Who* is the late Rupert Hughes, author of a host of books, plays, and articles. He rates 57 lines in the 1956 edition. He died this year at the age of 84.

One of the most colorful personalities of vol. 29 is Daniel Szantay, who in October, 1955, celebrated the 50th anniversary of his arrival in the U.S. from Hungary. He came penniless to this country, worked in a steel mill, and went on to become one of the pioneer diemakers for the plastics industry. He can probably be considered the titular head of the Hungarians in the U.S. He celebrates the date of his arrival in the U.S. instead of his birthday, because he considers it a more significant day.

No account of Who's Who would be complete without reference to its ingenious system of "burglar alarms" to trap plagiarists or unscrupulous competitors. Did you ever hear of Harold Edward Kelly? Although this distinguished writer, world trav-

eler, and patron of the arts showed up in one edition of Who's Who, he never really existed. His lengthy biographical sketch, which listed him as author of a book called Wanderers in Darkest Africa, was completely fictitious. Several spurious persons like Mr. Kelly are included in each Who's Who. Unethical publishers sometimes plagiarize the carefully collected Who's Who biographies. If an eagle-eved Who's Who editor spots one of these phony celebrities in a rival's book, there is an excellent basis for a lawsuit.

A Who's Who editor needs a keen sense of humor. Hardly a day passes when the office staff is not convulsed over the brashness of some hopeful biographee. The editors once received a filled-in questionnaire which listed among the biographee's attainments his designation as a Man of Distinction by the makers of a well-known whisky. This accomplishment of his never appeared in Who's Who.

Who's Who indicates that it's still a man's world, if we analyze the listings in vol. 29 by sex. About 2,600 entries, or roughly 5%, of the biographees are women. Mr. Sammons says that this ratio has held roughly over the years from volume to volume. In a country like France or Italy the number of women included in such a book would be smaller, perhaps a fraction of 1% of all entries.

While education is not necessari-

ly a yardstick for inclusion in Who's Who, at least 90% of those in vol. 29 attended college, and of that 90% some 65% attended independent private institutions. Harvard leads all universities with the number of alumni in Who's Who, and Yale runs a close second. However, if we take as a gauge the ratio of graduates in Who's Who to the university's present enrollment, Princeton leads.

Fame has always run in families, but the Gambrell family of South Carolina holds some kind of record. All five children, Barmore P., Charles G., Enoch S., Mary Lattimer, and William H., are in the new volume. (They were in vol. 28 also.) And among the new names in vol. 29 are two brothers who are both bishops of the Protestant Episcopal church, Charles Gresham Marmion and William Henry Marmion. It is the first instance of two brothers, both bishops, entering Who's Who at the same time.

Age is no barrier to the pages of Who's Who. The former champion of the oldsters was the late Edward A. Uehling, an engineer of West Allis, Wis., who led the age parade for several editions. He was spry and alert to the last; he died recently at the ripe old age of 104. His mantle fell on Arthur Judson Brown, champion senior biographee of vol. 29. Brown is a clergyman and a writer. He celebrated his 99th birthday on Dec. 3, 1955.

The perennial question which

people ask about Who's Who is: "How do you get into it?" Sammons explains that the cardinal principle in selecting names is this. "Who's Who in America shall endeavor to list those individuals who are of current national reference interest and inquiry, either because of meritorious achievement in some reputable field of endeavor or because of positions they hold."

Class I biographees include those subject to inquiry nationally because of conspicuous achievement in some reputable field of endeavor. But the editors automatically turn thumbs down on the merely notorious, those of only transitory interest, and "the notable solely because of physical dexterity or prowess" (sports figures).

A class 1 name must loom above the vast majority in its field, and the achievements of its possessor must make him subject to extensive inquiry or discussion. Into this class fall the prominent men and women of an art, science, or business. Whether or not a notable person is technically "American" because of residence or citizenship is immaterial. If the requisite degree of reference interest is considered to exist in this country, and the achievement is meritorious, that is sufficient.

Furthermore, an individual's fame in his own community is not necessarily a criterion. Names often appear in *Who's Who* of men who are prominent in a special field but who are hardly known at all "at home." Frequently a man of distinguished achievement may be almost a stranger in the locality where he lives. Often he is a man whose work is better known than he is himself. It is one of the aims of the editors of *Who's Who* to gather and give information about such people.



DOCTOR OF LETTERS

When my youngest brother went overseas with his military unit, it was the first time he had been far away from home. He was desperately eager for mail, but found, after a few weeks, that his family and friends were poor correspondents. He was ignored more often than not at mail call until he hit upon a new system of letter writing.

Every time he wrote a letter home, he left the last sentence unfinished. And he saw to it that the incomplete sentence was always of a provocative nature. He would break off with "I'm feeling pretty well again after my—," or "Isn't it amazing that—," or "I have just been made a—."

He soon began to get so many letters that he had trouble keeping up his end of the correspondence. The curious thing about this system was that it continued to work even after everybody had got on to the trick. E. Crenshaw.

Brainwashing in a Red Prison

Where men are treated like dogs

The big problem with you spies is your thinking," the Chinese prison wardens constantly told us. "You must change your thoughts. If you do not destroy your reactionary thoughts, then the government will destroy them by destroying your body."

This was no empty threat, and the prisoners knew it. The year I was arrested, 1951, the communists were publicly executing, in Peiping alone, 200 to 300 people every month. The execution site was a quiet place near the Temple of Heaven. Every day, the public was invited to go there to watch a truckload of Chinese being lined up on their knees, and shot from behind.

In my first year in prison, half of my fellow prisoners were thus executed. It was small wonder that "destroying reactionary thoughts" became the survivors' chief concern.

We were constantly reminded of how little was required. When I was first arrested I told the judge, "I will never give up my religion. I will die before I shall give up my religion, and I will never become a communist." He said, "We are not asking you to give up your religion, and, furthermore, you could not become a communist if you wanted to. You are not good enough to become a communist."

What they wanted was very simple. "All you have to do is think well of the new government, study our program, and think well of us. Change your attitude."

This was repeated day after day. The prisoner need not compromise any principles. To save himself from getting shot, to save himself from the terror of prison life, all he had to do was to look favorably on the communist government.

The next step was participating in the study periods. In these, the real brainwashing process was carried out. In my first prison, we spent ten hours a day in study periods.

After three years and two months there, my trial came to an end. I was given a sentence of ten years and sent to a work prison. There I was put in a little cell, about 10 by 11 feet, with nine prisoners.

As a matchbox maker I was sup-

posed to undergo two or three hours of study periods every day. I was excused because I do not know Chinese very well. But I could watch the brainwashing process. This is how it worked.

During the study periods the prisoners assemble in a circle. At the head of the study group is the cell leader, also a prisoner. The communists provide the articles to be read. They get reports about how everything is going on. They direct things. They mete out more punishment for this prisoner, they take chains off that prisoner. But they sit back and leave the real brainwashing to the prisoners themselves.

The cell leader, at least once a week, has to give a report about everybody in his cell; how he behaves, what he does, especially how he thinks. If the cell leader is not certain that he knows how a prisoner thinks he will take him to one side and ask him what his thoughts are.

"What do you think about the dropping of germs by the American Air Force on the village in North Korea? What do you think about the report in which we learned that 10,000 American soldiers were killed last month?" You must answer something. The cell leader jots down your statements and gives a report to the prison authorities on how you think.

The study circle has been given a newspaper, the Peiping Peoples' Daily, with certain articles marked with red crayon. A prisoner starts

to read one aloud. It contains nothing about the theory of communism, nothing about Karl Marx, whom China has quite forgotten. Everything is about current events. It might be an article commemorating the Sino-Soviet treaty of friendship of 1950.

The first prisoner reads the article very carefully. Everybody has to pay attention. You are not allowed to let your eyes wander up or down. If you fall asleep the whole circle joins in shouting, "Wake up!"

When No. 1 finishes the article, No. 2 reads it aloud again. Then, perhaps No. 3 reads it aloud, too. The prisoners are treated like a bunch of nincompoops. Then No. 4, handcuffed and in chains, is ordered to summarize the article. If he forgets one point, the cell leader shouts, "You have left something out. What have you left out?"

The fellow may be trembling. He will fish around, then finally remember what he left out, and add it.

"All right, now, why did you leave that out?" His cellmates, led by his cell leader, start working on the poor fellow. He might say, "Oh, I have a poor memory."

"You are a liar. That is only an excuse. Why did you leave that out?" "Well, I was always a very poor student in history. I always had low grades."

"You are a liar. Why did you leave that out?"

So, they keep after him. The

whole cell hounds him until he says something like this, "I left it out because I wanted to hide it."

"Aha! Now you are really telling the truth. Why did you want to hide it? For what reason?"

"Well, I left it out because I thought that the Russians were never our friends, and how can they be our friends now?"

"Why do you think that way?"

At last he may say, "I thought that way because I hate communism."

"Aha! Now you are honest. You hate communism. Now, why did you tell us a lie in the beginning? Why did you say you forgot the

point?"

He has to go through all these questions until he degrades himself. If he remains stubborn, his cellmates will work on him, if necessary, all day and all night. They will bring groups from other cells until the man breaks down and incriminates himself. I have never seen anybody stand up to this.

The next prisoner will be told, "You summarize this article." Perhaps he is well "advanced" in his thinking. He may leave out one or two points, but he will not receive too much punishment. He will be told, "Do you see that man in chains, that reactionary? Do you want to go back in chains? You have been in prison for years. You have made no progress. You are as reactionary as the day you came in. Why did you hide these?"

He gives a good answer, "I am still reactionary."

"All right, you had better try to improve. Reform yourself."

And so to the next man. And the next man. By this time, all can give the article by heart. Then the next

round takes place.

"What reactionary thoughts did you have when that article was read?" shouts the cell leader. In 1951 everybody had to have reactionary thoughts when he heard an article read. If he did not have a reactionary thought, he had to invent one.

I had a good friend, an Italian doctor who was a cellmate of mine for awhile. He used to tremble with fear whenever he heard an article read lest he fail to have a good reactionary thought. He had to be careful not to invent one that was too reactionary, or he would get five or ten more years on his sentence, or get chains, but he had to hit on a thought bad enough to be definable as reactionary. Here the middle way was the way of virtue.

In this process, No. 1 leads off, "Well, I thought the Russians would gain control over northeast Manchuria."

"All right, now you are honest. You have come out with that reactionary thought. Why do you have that reactionary thought?"

Then the prisoners curse him up and down. "You see how reactionary you are? You see what an attitude you have? You should never think that way. How can you think that the Russians, who are the first friends we ever had, can encroach upon us?" And so on. Every other member of the circle has to criticize him, and if he is a wise man he will simply sit there, and nod his head, "Yes, yes, I see I was wrong."

In the end the cell leader will ask, "Now, have you got that

thought any more?"

"No, no more." The next day the cell leader will ask the prisoner, "Do you have that thought that you had yesterday?" If he says, "Yes," then God help him.

"Very well, next man. What reactionary thought did you have?"

"I did not have any reactionary

thoughts."

"What? You are a liar. Look at vou. You wear chains, fetters; you are a reactionary. You must have reactionary thoughts. If you were not reactionary you would not wear chains. You would not even be in this prison. Do you doubt the Peoples' government? Do you think that the government would keep you here if you were not reactionary? You are in this prison, so you must be reactionary, and if you are a reactionary you must have reactionary thoughts. Now, you are just a liar. You are hiding these reactionary thoughts. What is your reactionary thought?"

The poor fellow must have one. So he invents one; so does everyone

else down the line.

The next round follows. "Now

what good thought did you have when you heard that article?" the cell leader asks. Ah, the wonderful oratory that follows! This was the chance every prisoner had to show how reformed he was. No. 1 begins with a wonderful story about the first friend China ever had, the Soviet Union. "For 100 years the imperialist nations of the West, imperialist America, imperialist Great Britain, imperialist France, imperialist Japan, imperialist old Russia, were exploiting us, and now the first friend we ever had, the Soviet Union, is coming to our aid."

And the next one goes on with this same kind of praise for this wonderful treaty. What has happened? A timely topic, Chinese-Russian relations, has been discussed. Almost all possible criticisms have been brought up and everyone has helped knock them to pieces. The prisoners who made the criticisms have been made to feel debased. Then a number of good points have been brought up, and the prisoners are praised for introducing them. They are being taught to look at things the way Mao Tse-tung looks at them.

Often, as I sat alone, brooding over something about communism, some cellmate would shout, "What are you thinking about, Rigney? What is on your mind?"

"Nothing."

"You are a liar. We could see it on your face. You had a reactionary thought. What is that reactionary thought?" I had to come up with some reactionary thought or I would receive no rest.

I came to the point where I would expel criticisms of communism from my mind for fear that they would show on my face. Then after a couple of weeks, I woke up. "Am I a free man or not? I hate communism. I am going to keep on hating it. When I get a spell of nursing my hatred against communism, I am going to have another thought, gloomy but uncritical, ready to expose."

When my cellmates challenged me for being gloomy, I came out with, "I was thinking that my mother died 45 years ago today." That is reason for anybody to feel gloomy and depressed; so I got off. Or I would tell them that today was my birthday. "I have been in prison for three birthdays, four birthdays, and I am nowhere near getting out." That, too, was a good reason for a sober expression.

The one that won me the most freedom from persecution was my story about my little nieces and nephews. I would tell them I was thinking about my little nieces and nephews back in Chicago. I had never seen them, and I would love to see them. "They are getting big now. I wonder if I shall ever have a chance to see them."

What about the other poor prisoners? Did they have similar subterfuges? I don't know, but I don't think so. I presume that they just

got to the point where they would not allow anti-communist thoughts to come into their heads.

They developed a habit. I know little about Pavlov's theory of conditioned reflexes,* but I think the prisoners developed a habit of thinking only pro-communist thoughts. They would constantly be ready to come out with a whole string of wonderful ideas about communism. Such people are beginning to be brainwashed. They will go through this process year after year.

The communists had plenty of time. Prisoners study all the practical problems of China. They develop this habit of thinking well about the communists. After some years this habit is strengthened; they are brainwashed. They are safe to be returned to society. They will never do any harm to the communists. They are mechanized. They are no longer acting like human beings, but like machines.

In my prison, I often thought that we were treated like dogs. If you want to train a dog, you give him something he likes when he does something you want him to do. If he fails, you punish him. That is the way we prisoners were treated. If we thought the way the communists wanted us to think, we were freed from our chains or were given certain privileges. If we did not, we were punished.

What I say about prisoners is go*See "The Prisoner, the Dog, and Dr. Pavlov" in the October, 1956, CATHOLIC Dr.
GEST.

ing on throughout the length and breadth of China. Six hundred million people are being subjected to brainwashing, perhaps not as severe as that in prison, but nevertheless, essentially the same. The teachers, businessmen, professional men, workers, farmers, even the central committee of the Communist party, undergo this continual, frightening process of being forced to think as Mao Tse-tung thinks.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

More than half of the 20,000 English words most commonly used today come from Latin or Greek roots. The root, or stem, is that part of a word containing the core of meaning.

One root may combine with another. Usually, though, a root is qualified by a prefix or a suffix; sometimes by both. A prefix is a syllable placed before a root to modify its meaning; a suffix is placed after.

Jacere in Latin means to throw, cast. From one form of this verb, the past participle jectus, the root ject is derived. Note how the words below built from this root are qualified by prefixes and suffixes. Now try to match Column A with Column B.

Column A

- 1. dejected
- 2. conjecture
- 3. adjective
- 4. projectile
- 5. ejecta
- 6. interjection
- 7. inject
- 8. objectify
- 9: abject
- 10. disjection
- 11. subjection
- 12. reject

Column B

- a) Act of scattering, throwing asunder.
- b) In grammar, an exclamation thrown into a sen-
- c) To drive, force, or throw in.
- Externalize; throw toward an end; to express in a concrete form.
- e) Low spirited; emotionally "thrown down."
- f) Degraded; "cast off" into extreme lowness of station.
- g) An opinion "thrown together" upon insufficient evidence.
- h) A body thrown forth, as a missile from a cannon.
- i) To refuse to acknowledge; to throw back or discard.
- j) In grammar, a word that modifies a noun or pronoun; word "thrown toward" a noun or pronoun.
- k) Matter thrown out, as from a volcano.
- Act of bringing under control or dominion; a "throwing under" or subjugation.

(Answers on page 128)

Protector of the Sand Hogs

As a safety engineer, Vince Mooney had to save his men from their own folly-and he did

INCE MOONEY'S domain starts on a piece of rock-shot shoreland in New Jersey, goes down through a hole in the ground, and reaches under the Hudson river about 6,000 feet to the island of Manhattan. This is the new Lincoln tunnel, and the sand hogs who dig it are Mooney's charges.

Mooney, an alert, easy-smiling six-footer, is a safety engineer. At the start of the Lincoln tunnel project in 1952 Mooney was loaded with the heaviest responsibility of his career: the saving of sand hogs from injuries and death on the job.

While the Port Authority of New York was still planning its new tunnel diggings, engineers took it for granted that before the tubes "holed through" in Manhattan, many men would be crippled or dead. The cause of both tunnel havoc and official pessimism, compressed air, was a factor that could not be eliminated.

Deep tunnels are usually bored with a 240-ton "cooky-cutter" device known as a hydraulic shield. While the shield pushes ahead, an invisible wall of compressed air pumped in from above keeps water, muck, and loose sand from pouring

in and drowning or smothering the sand hogs.

But compressed air can give a sand hog plenty of trouble. It can strike him with the bends, which chokes, paralyzes, and even kills its victims. It can cripple him with



caisson disease or bone rot. It is excellent fuel for sudden, flaring fires which eat up his supply of oxygen. It threatens him at every moment with the most terrifying pressure danger of all, the "blow-out."

Vince Mooney came to the tunnel authorities with a brief case full of recommendations. New York state itself was retaining him as its safety consultant and New York university had appointed him to

teach safety theory.

Mooney's presence meant lower insurance rates to contractors. The unions knew that they could count on him to fight for protective safety measures, and workers felt their chances of coming home alive and sound were better than doubled.

But Mooney's best recommendation was his own stated attitude toward sand-hog safety. "I don't look at an accident as an insurance-record statistic or a workman's compensation dollar. I hurt with every man who's hurt and I keep remembering that someplace a family just like my own is worrying about him."

The first thing Vince did was to study other sand-hog jobs in the New York area. He learned that every deep hole in the area took a toll of life. The first Lincoln tubes in 1934 took seven lives and maimed many times that number. The Brooklyn Battery tunnel dug after the 2nd World War took eight lives. But the subway tunnel linking lower Manhattan with Brooklyn cost the most: 2,500 sand hogs were killed or permanently crippled.

After days of poring over accident reports, Mooney discovered the same causes turning up again and again in distinctive patterns. At last he announced his conviction, "There's no reason a single man has to lose

his life at this job."

Mooney carved his weight down to 215 pounds, so that he could

clamber about the tunnel's two-anda-half-story high scaffolding without puffing. Then he picked up the keys to his office, a green house trailer equipped with kitchen, library, and television set, and began work at once by sloshing about the muddy yards meeting union shop stewards, contractors, and Port Authority officials. After that, he visited the hog house, the barn-big steamy structure where sand hogs spend their free time.

Here Mooney met his toughest problem: the veteran sand hog. Sand hogs are a sensitive, independent lot, hard to get close to. They accept with condescending pride the dangers of their job, and would like you to think they ignore them, though their subconscious minds are filled with lurking fears. These strains surface under tension, and usually cause trouble in one way or another.

The sand hog gloats because his work is done in secret, because it is hidden underground and mysterious. He can brag because it is hard and full of risks, because of the rigorous physical and medical examination he must pass, and because his work day is shorter, his pay check fatter than most workers'.

Mooney bowed to the veteran sand hog's experience and skill. In a crisis, the vet was essential to safety morale. He knew what to do and was swift to do it. No one could beat the vet in loyalty to his union or openhanded generosity towards his fellow sand hogs or their widows and children.

Mooney's problem was to keep the old-timer from unsettling the explosive sand-hog temperament. This could easily be done by drinking, fighting, high-stakes gambling, or merely by boasting of the old days. Wild stories seemed to spur young sand hogs to imitation. And Mooney would be mistrusted as a management man.

From the moment he first strode into the hog house he knew it would take weeks of steady pushing to blunt the hostile challenge of the old-timers. He drank some black coffee, shook hands with sand hogs sitting about, and then got ready to ride down with the next shift.

Getting ready meant sticking a Polaroid camera under his arm and putting on the regulation hard hat and steel-toed boots. Mooney is a stickler for regulation work clothes. "The old boys brag they didn't wear these in the first Lincoln tunnel," he observed, rapping his white helmet. "But some of them can't brag because their heads were pulverized by falling tools."

Before sand hogs enter the compressed air of the tunnel, they must sit for half an hour in the compression chamber while their bodies gradually get used to the increase in pressure. If the sand hog has any liquor in him it'll show up in

the chamber.

"High air and alcohol don't mix," Mooney says flatly. "A man may feel sober up in the hog house but in the compression chamber, his voice will thicken, his vision will blur, and he'll wobble. He may be the sleepy kind of drunk, and later maybe drop a wrench on somebody's back. He may be a fighting drunk. He may start a fire or not be quick enough to plug a blowout. In any case he's not fit for work, so up he goes before he hurts somebody."

After an hour of climbing about the tunnel, Mooney aimed his camera at an unsuspecting sand hog. The camera develops its own picture on the spot, so a minute later Mooney handed the surprised sand hog a picture of himself. There was no argument, just a nod and an embarrassed smile. Mooney felt sure the man wouldn't be caught hard-

hatless again.

During Mooney's first month at the Lincoln tunnel, he discovered a spot on King's Bluffs 150 feet above the Port Authority's yards from which he could scan the entire five acres of shops and machinery jumbled below. It became his daily habit to drive up to this perch and study storage hazards, supervise traffic patterns, and in general watch over his men.

But even on King's Bluffs, Mooney could tell if something went wrong underground. Consciously or subconsciously, he never stopped listening to the low hum of the compressor engines that pumped air down to the sand hogs. If the

hum changed its pitch or intensity, Mooney dived to the telephone. The alarm he most feared was "blowout."

A blowout occurs when pressure inside the tunnel finds a fissure or weakness in the wall of rock or mud facing the cutting head of the shield. The air then springs through with a tremendous hiss, sometimes tearing what might have started as a nail-sized puncture into a gaping hole in seconds. Pressure soon escapes from the tunnel so that there's nothing to keep water and slime from pouring in. The sand hogs have to stuff the hole at once with straw and boards. The man who isn't alert may be crammed by pressure into the crevice. While the Montague St. subway tunnel was being dug in New York, three sand hogs were suddenly whisked out through a hole. One was buried forever in the silt of the East river; one crashed up against the bottom of a barge and was killed; a third shot high out of the water, alive but suffering terrible agonies from the sudden decompression.

Mooney regards danger as a permanent guest. His first objective on any job is to create a climate of respect for safety. He disagreed with Port Authority officials who wished to pin him down to a regular work schedule. "I don't want the sand hogs thinking safety is a nine-to-five job. Danger doesn't punch a clock."

According to Mooney, safety is a family matter. "Safety starts when

a man gets out of bed," he insists. "If his wife's a nagger, a man's going to carry a grudge underground with him. In general, though, the family man is better off than the bachelor: he's more careful."

Last year Mooney staged a gigantic family Christmas party for the sand hogs. Over 1,500 people attended, most of them children and all related to the tunnelers. "It's good for the wife and kids to see where their old man works and how hard his job is. Makes them appreciate him more," Mooney explains. Even Mooney's family came to the party, three sons, a daughter, and Lillian, his wife. The Mooneys belong to Our Lady of Mercy parish in Whippany, N. J.

Good food in the cafeteria, a clean change house, even such things as a TV set and a washing machine, all have an effect on safety morale. If a sand hog can't stand his change house, he'll go to a bar, where he'll likely get into trouble.

"Religious faith, of course, is the best force for safety I know of. Eighty per cent of our sand hogs are Irish and Catholic. Their chosen patron seems to be St. Christopher. Most of them wear a Christopher medal they got from a little nun who collects for her Order at the hog-house door.

"The Communion breakfast sponsored by the compressed-air workers' union was attended by 350 sand hogs. No other New York union could beat that turnout. "Four nights a week are movie nights, and every Friday we show a religious movie. At first the old sand hogs objected to movies because they didn't want the lights out. Spoiled their card games, they said. So we showed movies with the lights on, old-time fight pictures, Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey, and the others. After a couple of days one of the old sand hogs turned out the lights. No fuss. From then on we had our movies in the dark. We ran them after 12, when television goes off.

"We found we couldn't show any movies that stirred up the sand hog's sense of heroics. If we showed a circus picture, for example, the next day you'd see some joker swinging by his ankles from one of the scaffold girders. On Good Friday we showed *The King of Kings*. Believe it or not, the Friday religious movies drew the best attendance."

Vince feels he's liked by his sand hogs because nobody's ever tried to steal anything from him. "I've got a 20¢ lock guarding \$2,000 worth of equipment."

Mooney's house trailer office is so parked that the men can call on him without being seen by the entire yard. "That's for privacy," Mooney makes it clear. "Often, a sand hog will come to me with a personal or family problem. I'm something of an expert here, since I've been married 19 years. I've been lonely and angry and hurt, myself.

I know how easy it is to try to get even with life by taking it out on your job."

The new Lincoln tunnel will not be opened for use until 1957, but Mooney's safety methods have already paid off. For the first time in construction history an under-river tunnel was bored without a man being killed. Two and a half million man-hours were put into the tunnel at an expense of fewer than 100 loss-time accidents. Only two men were maimed—one sand hog lost a toe, another, two fingertips.

Mooney is extremely shy about taking credit for this brilliant record. "We all did it—the Port Authority, contractors, the union, and the sand hogs. Everybody had to help. I tried to build morale."

Mass was said in the hog house at the start of the tunnel operation. Vince quotes one of the sand hogs as saying, "This job started off right."

He also quotes Father Philip Carey, S.J., who offered both that first Mass and the Mass in the tunnel when the sand hogs finally holed through in Manhattan. Father Carey's second Mass was the only one ever offered in an underriver tunnel. It was a Mass of thanksgiving. Said Father Carey, "While we congratulate our safety engineers, our doctors, and all who helped bring you through this job safely, let's not forget to thank the One who truly kept you safe and who watched over you."

How Will You Pay Those Medical Bills?

New plans promise to cushion the blow without 'socialized medicine'

AN YOU AFFORD to be sick? When illness does strike, do you get the best medical care possible? What are the chances of better care for your family in the next few years? Will the method by which you pay your doctor be modernized so that you can meet the bills?

The medical profession is today more skilled than ever before in human history. Nevertheless, because doctors are failing to solve problems of economics and ethics, there is increasing public hostility toward their profession.

However, revolutionary solutions to the problem of good medical care are now being explored and tested throughout America.

To a large extent, the "socialized medicine" that doctors deplore is already here. The federal government, according to the Hoover commission, has undertaken specific responsibility for all or part of the medical care of some 30 million

Americans. At the same time, a radical new type of private medical care is gaining popularity. This is "prepaid comprehensive group practice." It offers you the opportunity to budget your medical expenses, to escape catastrophic medical bills, and to receive almost all your medical care at a single medical center.

Most Americans are unhappy today about the increasingly difficult struggle to pay the costs of good health. A great controversy is raging over which of four different systems will assure you the best medical care.

- The traditional method of paying your doctor for each service performed.
- 2. Insurance that pays for specific medical costs, like Blue Cross and Blue Shield.
- The new voluntary group plans which for a single regular payment will supply you with direct and comprehensive medical care.

^{*202} W. High St., Springfield, Ohio. August, 1956. © 1956 by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

4. Government-run, tax-supported national health insurance.

The familiar fee-for-service system clearly is proving less adequate as medical practice becomes more specialized and medical costs leap upward. Some 100 million Americans now depend on voluntary health insurance. They are often shocked to find that, even when they pay regularly to insurance programs like Blue Shield, they still can face disastrous medical bills. Such insurance does not cover all medical expenses, and even when it does cover a particular case doctors often collect both insurance payments and an additional fee.

Since the 2nd World War, insurance companies have developed "major medical" policies which usually cover all but the first \$500 cost of an illness or operation. These policies are intended to supplement "basic" coverage, such as Blue Cross.

The insurance companies are now experimenting with a "comprehensive" policy that would have a \$50 deductible clause for each illness. Such policies have not yet been offered to individuals and no premium costs have been established. (The insurance companies have run into one problem that faces many individuals: the medical profession's reluctance to set fee schedules so that medical costs can be anticipated.)

Not long ago, organized medicine branded even voluntary medical insurance such as Blue Cross as a step toward "socialization." Today the medical profession has adopted Blue Cross and Blue Shield as the "doctors' plan" against "socialized medicine" and the attack has shifted to the new prepaid comprehen-

sive group plans.

Whether in the next decade America will take the road to voluntary or to socialized medical care may depend on the outcome of the medical profession's battle against such group plans. Many doctors of outstanding reputation-among them Dr. George Baehr, president and medical director of New York's Health Insurance plan and Dr. Iames Howard Means of Bostonassert that prepaid group practice is the medical profession's strongest bulwark against federally controlled medicine. They charge that doctors are helping the cause of socialized medicine when they fight prepaid group practice.

Opponents of the new plans attack the quality of medicine practiced in group medical centers. To find out what kind of care you would receive if you subscribed to such a group plan, a number of centers were visited for this report.

Patterns of group practice vary, but most centers seem to provide excellent medical care. In some communities (by no means everywhere), they have brought in previously unavailable facilities and, in some instances, spurred doctors to higher standards of practice. If you subscribed to such a group, you would pay a monthly sum for your own and your family's care. At the center you would find a group of doctors covering most of the specialties, as well as personnel and laboratory equipment to provide most types of diagnostic and therapeutic treatment. You would have the advantage of being seen, if necessary, by a "full team" of specialists, and would not have to go from one doctor's office to another.

There are certain drawbacks to such group-health programs. Some plans, because of the basis on which their relatively low premiums are computed, accept only group memberships. Others, which take individuals, charge much higher premiums.

Spokesmen for organized medicine insist that the group-plan idea incorporates "the worst dangers of socialized medicine." They denounce it as "closed-panel" practice, and insist that the group idea destroys the "doctor-patient relationship." They charge that patients are "solicited," and that a patient may not select a doctor from outside the plan.

Group-plan leaders reply that they give subscribers "a wider choice among competent physicians than most people have enjoyed before."

Another criticism is that because "everything is paid for" they encourage excessive demands for service.

In Windsor, Ontario, doctors themselves have organized a prepaid group plan which offers subscribers just about the most complete service available. In 1952, a survey was made of the Windsor plan to determine whether subscribers abused their privileges. The researchers found that they did not. They reported, "Although Windsor subscribers may with no extra charge call a physician at any time of the day or night, we found no evidence of abuse of service."

All group directors interviewed for this report said that they try to stress the "human element" in doctor-patient relationships. Yet some subscribers complained that their groups have a "clinical" atmosphere and that they feel like "charity patients" even though they are paying. Others complained that it is sometimes difficult to get a doctor to come to the house. All these complaints must be viewed with the foibles of human nature in mind: even wealthy patients frequently complain of the treatment they receive from their private doctors.

Late in 1954, the American Medical association appointed a Commission on Medical Care Plans to collect information and recommend policy for the AMA. The commission called the plans that provide patients with direct medical care "3rd-party financial mechanisms" coming between doctor and patient, and deplored the increasing popularity of such plans.

In California, however, competition from prepaid plans has already stimulated the state medical association to set up a Medical Service commission. It reported, "Changing times, changing economics, changing social thinking, and changes in medical practice itself have posed a challenge to medicine which the profession has been slow to recognize and even slower to meet." The report went on, "This is the dominant question more and more often asked by more and more people, Is the traditional method of rendering care really the best?"

"The only apparent good answer to this different kind of medical practice is the competitive, free-enterprise one of offering a better product. And the base upon which this better product must be built must be that 'the welfare of the patient is the first concern of medicine.'" In several California communities, physicians are heeding this advice, and are competing with group plans by offering patients something comparable at competi-

tive costs.

Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans have recently increased medical benefits to compete with the direct-care group plans. The Massachusetts Blue Shield, for example, recently added 18 categories of "prolonged illness" benefits. These specific benefits will protect members for two years or for a total of \$2,000 Blue Shield and \$3,000 Blue Cross charges.

The new president of the AMA, Dr. Dwight H. Murray, told the AMA's annual meeting, "It is my firm belief that we can accomplish much more by competing with these new systems and demonstrating the high quality of private practice, than we can by openly fighting and opposing them."

President Eisenhower told Congress, "The need for more and better health insurance coverage can best be met by building on what many of our people have already provided for themselves—the voluntary health prepayment plans."

Doctors are learning that the public dislikes the medical man's assumption of a mantle of authority which prohibits any questioning of his opinions or actions. However, the public is growing more aware of the doctor's need to make a living.

Most lay complaints about the medical profession boil down to: 1. overcharging by some doctors; 2. fee splitting, the secret division of a fee (usually padded) between doctors; 3. "ghost surgery" and unnecessary surgery; and 4. outright malpractice. It is encouraging to report that four significant reforms are being put into operation.

The simplest of these reforms, and one that can mean the most to you and your family, is the spread of round-the-clock emergency-call systems. Thus, in those communities which have such an arrangement, anyone whose regular doctor is unavailable may call a physician

at any hour. He simply telephones an office maintained by the local medical society.

The second reform has already been adopted by all state medical societies and more than 50% of the local societies. This is the creation of grievance committees that will listen to your accusation of overcharging or malpractice. Patients can thus air their complaints before the accused doctor's fellow physicians.

A few local surgical societies are trying out new "audit plans" through which they hope to detect abuses costly to the public. Audit plans so far have been adopted by surgical societies in only a handful of cities, including Columbus, Ohio; Detroit; and Indianapolis. But where they are employed, they have already proved an effective weapon against fee splitting, overcharging, secret tie-ups between pharmacists and doctors, and fraudulent income-hiding.

Surgeons who belong to these societies agree, as a condition of membership, to let certified public accountants audit their books and seek financial information from

their patients.

The fourth medical reform aims to protect you while you are in a hospital. The recently established Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals acts as watchdog to improve hospital care, reduce the numbe: of needless operations, and wipe out "shost" surgery. In "ghost" surgery, a doctor secretly hires a surgeon who appears in the operating room after the patient has been put to sleep and either performs or "assists" at the operation. Accredited hospitals are required to keep full records on who does what in the operating room. No records, no accreditation.

The commission also tries to curb unnecessary surgery. Each accredited hospital must now have a "tissue committee." Every organ removed from a patient in an accredited hospital is examined by a pathologist. He decides whether the removed appendix or tonsils were genuinely diseased or whether the surgeon performed the operation merely to get a fee.

There is always a margin for error in diagnosis, and any surgeon can make an honest mistake. But if the records show too many wrong diagnoses on the part of the same surgeon, the tissue committee starts

asking questions.

Although no one can foresee the future, one thing seems clear: ten years from now you will very likely be paying your doctor bills in an entirely different manner from the way you do today. And doctors will be practicing medicine differently.

Whether the cost of your medical care will be met by tax dollars, comprehensive group plans, or some other form of insurance, is up to you, and your doctor. Your action and his attitude during the next decade will decide the issue.

Exit China's Capitalists

The Reds play cat and mouse with Shanghai's businessmen

RUMS . . . DRUMS .

The drum is in command. Just as Pavlov's dogs secreted saliva at the sound of a bell, so the corners of Chinese mouths twitch upward on command. When my friend once asked his chauffeur what he would be doing in the evening, the reply was a shrug: "We must go make

happy."

I attended one such celebration on the day which marked the passing of capitalism in Shanghai. The transformation of this archcapitalist, westernized city into a communist production center had dragged on for months, presumably against intense resistance. Then, on Jan. 13, 1956, Mao Tse-tung suddenly appeared on the scene accompanied by a band of marshals. Only two



days later, delegates from the business world met to demand immediate "voluntary" transfer of all remaining private concerns to the state.

Never in my life have I seen people more eager to surrender what was theirs than these Chinese capitalists. Young dandies made their confession of faith with glowing eyes: they now realized, they said, that socialism was the true path for China. (On such occasions the word communism is avoided, so as not to overstrain the weak-nerved.) Young ladies in silk brocades, having just given up their property to the benevolent state, extended their arms with almost voluptuous cries of enthusiasm.

*136 E. 57th St., New York City 22. Aug. 9, 1956. © 1956 by The Reporter Magazine Co., and reprinted with permission.

Then, as if ostentatiously to seal the alliance between the people and the capitalists, the masses from the street thronged in. Thousands upon thousands marched through the building, carrying banners, portraits of Mao, placards, and drums whose thunder echoed from the ceilings as though Judgment day were approaching. The capitalists clapped on and on, as though they had to overfulfill a quota of applause.

"A reactionary like yourself will never understand this," my interpreter commented. And the fact is,

I don't understand it.

Later, I called on one of the leading dress shops in Shanghai. Mr. King, the owner, received me with great friendliness. He and his brother had started out as ordinary tailors; today they had three dress factories in Shanghai, manufacturing ready-made dresses. In the past year his sales amounted to 400,000 yuan (about \$175,000). The government allowed him a profit of 2%.

"When the business becomes nationalized, will you also receive a percentage of the sales?" I asked. It was a rhetorical question; I knew quite well that he would not. Mr. King would be permitted to go on running his business, but he would no longer be an independent businessman; he would be a government employee with a fixed salary, and a very low one at that.

He expected to receive about 100 yuan a month (approximately \$45). The income from the business

would go to the state, no share in the profits going to the entrepreneur. The assets Mr. King had invested in the business would be estimated, and the state would pay him annual interest on their value. Mr. King said that the base for this interest had not yet been established.

"What's that?" I exclaimed. "You have asked the state to take a share in your business without even

knowing the conditions?"

The old fellow gave a somewhat embarrassed smile. His young son came to his aid. "We are doing this out of patriotism," he commented. And my interpreter added his usual, "You will never understand it."

"May I have a pencil?" I said. And then I did a few sums for Mr. King. "In the past year you received 2% of 400,000 yuan. That amounts to an annual income of 8,000 yuan net. In the semi-nationalized firm you expect an annual salary of 1, 200 yuan. What do your assets amount to?"

"Twenty thousand yuan."

"Very well, let us reckon with a high rate of interest of 4%; that makes 800 yuan. To sum it up, you'll be getting 2,000 yuan, a fourth of what you earned as a free businessman, even with prices controlled."

Mr. King threw a helpless look at my interpreter. "But I did not earn 8,000 yuan," he suddenly explained. "That's a purely theoretical sum. The costs in our business are so high that it's hard, if not impossible, to make the margin of profit the government allows. That margin is calculated for the most efficient large-scale concerns. We little fellows don't have a chance. Besides, there is the overhead, the taxes. . . . "

Now it was clear. Through price control, oppressive taxation, and other political pressures, Mr. King had already been driven to the verge of bankruptcy. He was by now more than delighted to escape all his vexing problems by becoming associated with the state, even under the most restrictive conditions.

Mr. King was at pains not to voice the slightest criticism of the treatment he had received. But there are foreign businessmen in Shanghai who are less reticent. They have been and still are being forced by similar devices to make a "voluntary" gift to the state of concerns worth millions of dollars.

The main instrument of expropriation is taxation. The rates are not even particularly high, a mere 35.5% of the net earnings. But net earnings are far from being actually net. Repairs, for example, are treated simply as capital improvements, and no deductions are permitted. Anyone who pays his workers at higher rates than the state-owned firms is not allowed to charge off as his labor bill more than the low government wages. The whole system of overhead charges and other

deductions, by means of which western businessmen are able to save a part of their earnings from the tax office, no longer exists in China.

Moreover, all sorts of minor nuisances are joined to taxation. The Building office will insist on expensive new construction and unnecessary repairs. The state-controlled unions make a mountain out of every molehill. I heard of a case in one private factory where a worker accidentally hit his finger with a hammer. The management was held responsible because there were no rules about the use of hammers. The chief engineer had to sit down and work out detailed directions: "The object to be dealt with must be held between thumb and forefinger. It is essential to maintain adequate space between the two fingers, so that the hammer has room to fall between them. Under all circumstances, partial or complete contact between hammer and any of the fingers must be avoided"

Since the Chinese are first and foremost pragmatists, they do their part and smile. For the more they smile and applaud, the more does the hope revive in them that they will be able to hold on to the few scraps of privilege they still have.

One of these days, however, the interest that is still being paid them on their investments will vanish. A propaganda campaign has already been launched to persuade the wives and children of the privileged

to renounce any claims to inheritance.

Why is seminationalization not carried through simply by decree? Why this organized "volunteering" and these outbursts of rejoicing? Why do both government and victims engage in this hypocrisy?

The answer can only be that it is the Chinese way. There is a whole philosophy behind it, and to use my interpreter's phrase, we reactionaries will never understand it. *Hypoc*risy is simply not the right word. "We Chinese dislike to kill outright as you westerners do," a Chinese explained to me. "We prefer to feel that our victim may still have a chance to escape by luck or by his own strength, and we like to be able to say apologetically to him, 'You see, if you were strong or persevering or fortunate, you'd get away. If you die, it's your fault, not mine.' And so, as I've said, we don't kill; our habit is to torture our victims to death. And while it's going on, all the participants smile."



THE RUSES OF ADVERSITY

An American tourist arrived at an inn in central Europe. Shortly after he checked in, the landlord asked him to write an appropriate sentiment in the guest album. "Perhaps," he added, "you can also explain a mysterious inscription made by a countryman of yours the day of his departure."

Then he pointed to a line bearing these words: "Quoth the raven"

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (September '56).

...

An actor, having come upon lean days, ducked down into a squalid basement restaurant for a meal. He was shocked to discover a former colleague working there as a waiter.

"You-working here!" he exclaimed.

"True," the other replied with frosty dignity, "but at least I don't eat here."

Harold Helfer.

Things got pretty tight for Mark Twain during his early days as a San Fran-

cisco newshound. One afternoon, Mark, holding a cigar box under his arm, stood looking into a shop window.

A woman who knew him came up and said, "I so often see you with a cigar box, Mr. Clemens. I'm afraid you're smoking too much."

"It isn't that," Mark replied. "I'm moving again."

Link (October '56).

Our Mysterious Earth

Scientists may turn up as many riddles as they solve during the International Geophysical year

ur globe is still shrouded in scientific mysteries. There are no real answers to many of the basic questions science must ask. During the International Geophysical year, which will have its formal beginning next July 1, experts will try to solve some of the riddles. But they know that new and even deeper ones are likely to be uncovered.

Geophysics is literally "earth science." The whole earth is the field of inquiry. That's why many nations must join the effort. More nations are taking part in the International Geophysical year (1GY) than have ever supported any such

plan in the past.

By-products of the enterprise may prove to be of great international significance. As early as September, 1954, Pope Pius XII expressed keen interest in the 1GV. Receiving an assembly of geophysicists in audience, His Holiness stressed his hope that "this outstanding example of collaboration and of good will between nations may further the cause of world peace." A few optimists have gone so far as to label 1GV a



program of "geophysics for peace."

European and American nations will foot most of the bill, but will be aided by peoples of such lands as Israel, Japan, Tunisia, Pakistan, and Indonesia. U. S. contributions will be about 8¢ for each person in the nation. Poverty-stricken France will pay 9¢ per person, Australia 14¢, and tiny Holland a soaring 61¢ for each of her citizens.

Political boundaries will be crossed in both planning and actual inquiries. West Germany is participating; so is East Germany. Great Britain is a sponsor, along with the Union of South Africa. Both the ussn and Red China are included among the 48 sponsors of what the U.S. National Academy of Sciences calls "this unprecedented examination of the earth." No nation, regardless of size or wealth, could launch a full-scale geophysical inquiry by itself.

Of course, geophysics can never develop in the same fashion as ordinary physics. Typical laboratory studies move forward by attacking one problem at a time, while an observer on the outside takes notes and measurements. In geophysical inquiries, the observer is insiae the experimental field. There is no way for him to get outside to watch from a detached, objective viewpoint. How much his findings are affected by this interior viewpoint, no one can say.

Even in dealing with problems on the secondary level – problems that can be analyzed from inside the global "laboratory" – scientists will

run into many dilemmas.

Part of the trouble lies in the fact that geophysics deals with such stupendous quantities. Most of its data are so vast that the investigator can never manipulate wholes. He has to limit his inquiry to analysis of parts. That is the case with factors like mass, speed, time, energy, pressure, and distance.

It is a gross error to extend theories evolved from laboratory work into situations marked by quite different conditions. Attempts to understand processes inside our planet on the basis of what happens on the surface are somewhat like trying to study ice or steam when all you have to experiment with is tepid water.

No experiment yet devised is capable of dealing with temperatures and pressures believed to exist deep in the heart of Earth. There are elaborate "laws" which explain behavior of elastic solids. These laws are confirmed within the range of temperatures that can be produced in the laboratory. But no one knows what unpredicted effects may follow when heat levels become great enough.

So most leaders in the IGV are cautious. They point out that only a few decades ago, geologists were blithely positive that they knew why Earth's surface is scarred by depressions and pimpled with mountains. Did not the "molten globe" explanation of the great Laplace

make the whole matter clear?

Growing stores of data on this subject have led, not to firmer certainty, but to doubt. Today it is recognized that many findings are at variance with the theory that our planet was once a molten ball, and that the wrinkles were acquired in cooling. World authorities of our day are likely to be cautious in offering "facts" about when and how Earth formed.

Even our immediate environment is largely closed to inquiry. Man himself has penetrated a vertical range of less than 20 miles. His deepest mines have but pricked the outer skin of the planet, the diameter of which is 8,000 miles. Man's highest ascents are only into the shallows of a colossal ocean of gases extending hundreds of miles above the planet's surface.

Statistics about our globe are so

far beyond comprehension that they

are all but meaningless.

Earth is a ball, almost a perfect sphere, whose outer surface is made up of some 56 million square miles of land plus 141 million square miles of water. (There are 640

acres in a square mile.)

Earth's volume is about 260 billion cubic miles. In the metric system, used by most scientists and for commercial purposes in Europe, volume is measured in terms of cubic kilos. Our planet's solids and liquids—exclusive of stupendous reserves of life-supporting air—make up some 1,083,260,000,000 cubic kilos. If the largest of the pyramids were magnified 100 times, it would occupy less than one-third the space inside a block just one cubic kilo in volume.

Average density of the planet's surface is about five and one-half times that of water. Experts who have made the measurement agree that Earth weighs some six thousand million million million tons.

This colossal sphere spins about its axis at a pace that seems leisurely enough. But at the equator, the speed of rotation is a thousand miles an hour—well past the sound barrier. Earth moves in its annual course about the sun at a rate of nearly 67,000 miles an hour. Simultaneously, the solar system of which we are a part is hurtling at 43,000 mph in the general direction of the star Vega. Fantastic as is human ability to comprehend, no man has

a skull big enough to accommodate Earth. At best, he can deal with fragments and segments—recognizing that he conducts his study from inside a laboratory the boundaries of which he has not explored.

To complicate things a bit more, the geophysicist knows that the planet is changing, but so slowly that no measurable change is made in his whole lifetime. But given sufficient time, stupendous effects may

be involved.

Earth's surface is constantly shifting upward and downward; some ocean beds were once thousands of feet above sea level. In both the Alps and the Himalayas, there is evidence that peaks were long covered with water. Sedimentary rocks containing shells and other debris from sea creatures have been found at altitudes of 10,000 feet. In the Canadian Rockies, coral beds testify that giant ranges have been thrust up from ocean bottoms.

Dissolve salt in a pail of water until it matches ocean water in taste, then place it in the sun and let the liquid evaporate. You will find a thin layer of salt left behind. In epochs of fantastic duration, vast seas have evaporated, leaving behind all of the world's deposits of salt. At least 30 trillion tons of the white crystals accumulated in the U. S. Southwest alone.

Far from being a stable structure, Earth is still a dynamic system undergoing both external and internal changes. Yet the IGY is certain to have sweeping effects upon the everyday life of the inquisitive creatures who build and operate ocean liners and guided missiles, atomic power plants and homes of charity. Practical results are likely to be concentrated in such fields as communication, navigation, weather prediction, and control.

Other findings may lead to farreaching extension and revision of views about Earth's origin. They may lead to the development of the Earth into a home more suitable for a race whose interests range from systematic theology to geophysics. Perhaps the gap between the two sciences is not so great as has sometimes been thought. Viewed with eyes of reverence, fruits of the unprecedented International Geophysical year are certain to enlarge our conception of the God who created and sustains both our planet and the men who ponder its mysteries.



INSULT INTERCEPTED

The professional football team's newest recruit was a great passing halfback from Notre Dame. The news of his signing with the club, and the size of his salary, had attracted an unusual amount of publicity.

The owners, fearful that so much flattering attention would make the player hard to deal with, decided that a bit of deflating would be a good idea right at the start.

During the first "skull session," the coach snapped several questions at the rookie, and chortled sarcastically at his answers. During the first practice on the field, he went out of his way to find fault with the star's performance of basic chores like blocking and tackling. But the rookie absorbed it all with unruffled good humor.

Finally, the coach decided that he would have to go all out with his ridicule. He called a halt, gathered the team around him, and gave the rookie a comprehensive dressing-down.

"I see from the papers," he said, "that you are a 'spectacular' ball player. But we don't have spectacular players on this club, see? We have a *team*. On this next play, all you have to do is hang onto the ball until the intended receiver is about 60 yards down the field, and then you hit him right in the eye with it. Think you can do that, Mr. All-American?"

The newcomer gave the question a moment's reflection. Then, with a lazy grin, he asked, "Which eye, coach?"

Jack Leaverton.



The

Throughout France are a number of Cistercian abbeys where holy men known as Trappists have chosen a life of silence and seclusion. Every minute of their lives is devoted to the salvation of their fellow men.

Having renounced the spoken word, the Trappists speak only to God in chant and prayer. When the expression "retire into a Trappist abbey" is used, it means the most thorough and absolute detachment from the world.

All who cross the threshold of a Trappist monastery are reminded of the reprimand of St. Bernard to a young postulant: "Leave your body at the gate. Here, it is the realm of souls. The flesh has nothing to do here."

However, what the young Trappist finds in the stillness of the retreat is not a bitter and morbid mortification, but joy, happiness, and the peace of God.

Only strong souls are accepted by Trappists. Before admission, each postulant is screened scrupulously.

A Trappist coming out of his cell after meditating for some hours.

Trappists

None of the hardships confronting a novice is kept from him.

"You would like to be a Trappist?" writes Father Master of Novices to candidates. "Allow me to tell you something about the cloistered and contemplative life. I can only give you a mattress filled with straw on some boards. We go to bed at 8 P.M. and get up at 3 A.M. As a choir monk, you will spend six to seven hours daily in chapel.

"Your family may visit you only three times a year. You are allowed to write to them only four times a year. That is also the number of



The Trappists work the land for their food. When they rest from their burdensome toil, they devote these periods to chanting prayer and to religious reading.



Every Saturday, Trappists perform the ceremony of "mandatum," that is practiced by other Religious only on Maundy Thursday. Here, two monks wash their brothers' feet.

replies you will receive, except in case of emergency, or for charity or business. There will be no hope of going to another Trappist monastery, for each abbey is independent. You will be bound by your vow of stability.

"Be it Easter, Christmas, or the Feast of Our Lady of Victory, the same regularity will prevail. Even if you are a priest, you will have to work in the fields, or in the workshop with your hands, like the Carpenter of Nazareth."

If the candidate feels strong enough to defy these hardships, he will enter the novitiate. That day, Father Abbot will clothe him with a white robe, put on him a white

scapular and cope.

For two years, he will study the monastic rule of St. Benedict and train for an intense spiritual life. Only at the end of the novitiate will he be allowed to put on the black scapular, the leather belt such as soldiers wear, and the cowled robe that has great wide sleeves.

On the day of his profession, after the Gospel at high Mass, the abbot will ask him for the last time what

he wants.

Standing up, in front of the choir, he will again pronounce his vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, a declaration that he has written down by his own hand on parchment.

Three years later, he will renew this profession, which will make him a Trappist for eternity. Now he will prepare for the priesthood; or maybe he has chosen to belong to



Monks study diligently two hours a day in the Community scriptorum.



This shows three variations of the Trappist garb. On right is habit tucked up for work.



Certain tasks assigned to the Trappists by Father Abbot require definite skills. Here, two Trappist bricklayers are building a modern infirmary in the abbey.

the humble host of lay Brothers taking care of material tasks about the abbey.

The Trappist never lives alone. A dormitory is his room. A straw mattress on boards, a crucifix on the wall, a holy-water font, and a coat hook are the only fixtures. Winter and summer, a Trappist sleeps with his clothes on. His small belongings

are gathered in a single locker.

Though in the middle of this Community life, the monk does seek solitude. He pulls the cowl over his head. In the shadow of the fabric, he meditates entirely detached from the outside world.

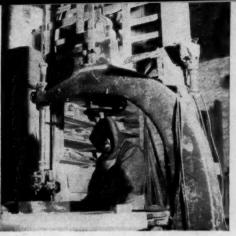
Never is the Trappist allowed one moment of recreation or distraction. Even the bond of human friendship



Two Trappists converse smilingly in sign language.



Another skilled Trappist works at his milling task in the abbey building.



A Trappist carpenter uses modern machinery to ply his trade.



Auto mechanic stops his work on a tire to say the Rosary.

is denied him by the law of silence. This law is one of the golden rules of the Trappist Order. The only necessary words are those addressed to God; other conversation would be regarded as irrelevant prattle. To communicate with their companions, monks have only conventional gestures.

Only the bell, night and day, breaks the silence. At 3 A.M. daily, and one hour earlier on feast days, the monks arise. One by one, in the dark monastery, they stride after the Father Abbot, hands folded in the broad sleeves of their robes, to the chapel. There, they kneel down, and for more than three hours, pray and sing Matins.

After chapel, they continue speaking with God through holy reading. Later, Father Abbot gives out the work schedule. Again in single file, the monks march cheerfully to the fields, their tools on their shoulders, their robes pulled up to the knees with a strand.

Although the Trappists do not own anything, they have to provide for their subsistence. Since the Order was founded, Trappists have lived from working the land. Farming and stockbreeding are usually their means of livelihood.

In this particular monastery in Aiguebelle in French Provence, monks distill liquor. In Port-de-Salut, they make their famous cheese. In Spet-Fons (Allier) and Notre Dame des Dombes (Ain) an excellent tonic based on wheat and meat is produced.

Neither their contemplation nor

A Trappist says Grace before meals; he meditates reverently before he begins eating his plain food.





A Trappist with a youthful relative. It is one of those rare occasions when visitors are allowed to visit the Trappist monastery.

their penance ever makes Trappists forget the distress of their fellow men. The poor who come to their gates for assistance are always given help.

As for the Trappists themselves, they own no personal articles, "not even their bodies or their wills," as St. Benedict remarked. Everything belongs to the Community, and that's why they say "our cowl" and

"our pen."

When a Trappist is dying, a bell summons the other members of the Community. With Father Abbot, they kneel around his bed reciting the prayers for the dying. One holds Father Abbot's crosier, which object symbolizes his jurisdiction over his sons.

The dead monk is laid on a cloth on the floor on a cross of ashes. He is covered with his cowl, and a Mass is offered for the repose of his soul. Then for 24 hours, two monks pray beside the body.

On the day of the funeral, the dead monk is placed in a grave. His arms are crossed. A cape is pulled over his face. Father Abbot throws some earth over the body while he makes the Sign of the Cross. The grave is filled slowly, spadeful after spadeful.

In the refectory, his place will be kept empty for 30 days. At each meal, his food will be given in his

name to the poor.

So ends the life of a Trappist the life that one of them summarized in this sentence: "We are here to seek after God, and the penance we do enables us to find Him with more certainty."

The Trappist Order's future is assured by the constant flow of young novices. Here are new-comers en route to the abbey.



Taken from the Paris "Match."

Start Your Own Business?

Being your own boss is nice—when the going is good

A s AN ELDER business executive, I am approached from time to time by young men who want my advice on a career.

Today's young man is no worshiper of Horatio Alger. He has watched his father carrying an increasing load of worry as he rose in prominence, always fussing about taxes, inflation, labor, and rising costs. The son's goal is simple and specific. He likes to think of himself with a wife and kids, a small house, a secondhand station wagon, a trailer, a boat, and a pair of skis. He already has definite plans for his week ends and his annual vacations.

An income of \$8,000 a year will suit him perfectly, and he is much more interested in reaching that point as rapidly as possible than in shooting for \$100,000 a year eventually. He does not care particularly how he earns his \$8,000, and he expects to work hard. But he has one very specific reservation: "I am not going to spend my life taking orders from someone else or licking boots to get a salary raise. I am going to own my own business and work for myself."



Admittedly there is no more satisfied businessman than he who owns and operates his own established, profitable business. He has the fun of making all the decisions and of keeping all the rewards of success.

When you meet this lucky man, however, you will find it interesting to draw him out on his early history. Unless he inherited the business he will be proud of the hardships he suffered before he got his head above water. He will tell you how he, and usually his wife, worked 12 hours a day, seven days a week, because they could not afford to hire help; how he did not take a vacation until he was 50; how, on various occasions, he was down to his last dollar and had to bluff his creditors or get a prepayment from a customer. And as you listen to his life

^{*8} Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. September, 1956. © 1956 by the Atlantic Monthly Corp., and reprinted with permission.

story, you will recognize that his success is the result of a combination of special skill, shrewdness, willingness to gamble, hard work, personal sacrifice, and usually some luck.

Ordinarily, this businessman has all his eggs in one basket: all his personal capital is invested in his business. On paper he is wealthy, but little of his wealth is in liquid form.

If he is a manufacturer, he is always afraid that a competitor will outdesign him, steal his best man, or start a price war; and he has the constant dread of arriving at the shop some morning and finding a union picket at the gate. The personally owned company is usually too small to be diversified in products and personnel; one hard bump in the form of a lawsuit, a bad account, or the loss of a key man can do irreparable damage.

This successful man represents not more than 1% of the men who started their own businesses when he did. It is my best guess that out of 100 starters 40 fall by the wayside and 59 become hopelessly locked into a marginal situation, with all resources tied up in the struggle to survive, with a net profit lower than the wages they could earn outside, and with absolutely no escape because they cannot sell out. Statistics show that, in 1955, 65% of the total business failures were for amounts of \$25,000 or less; 56% of the total failures were companies five years old or less. Dun & Bradstreet reports that 90% of all failures are attributable to inexperience

and poor management.

Disregard for odds and complete confidence in one's self have produced many of our greatest successes. But every young man who wishes to go into business for himself should appraise himself as a candidate for the 1% to survive. What has he to offer that is new or better? Has he special talents, special know-how, a new invention or service, or more capital than the average competitor? Has he the most important qualification of all, a willingness to work harder than anyone else?

Most small operations have their busiest day on Saturday, and the owner uses Sunday to catch up on his correspondence, bookkeeping, inventorying, and maintenance chores. The successful self-employed man invariably works harder and worries more than the man on a salary. His wife and children make corresponding sacrifices of family unity and continuity; they never know whether their man will be home or in a mood to enjoy family activities.

If you are burning with an inspiration to invent a new product or service, it would be a great pity not to give it a good try. But do not overlook the time and loss element. You must first develop the product or service to your own satisfaction; next, demonstrate it to the satisfaction of the trade; next, make the

public aware of its virtues; and, finally, arrange that the willing buyer can get prompt delivery and service. In the meantime, you must eat.

This brings us to the critical subject of capital. After the war several young men came to me saying, "I have saved up \$10,000 and want to go into business for myself. What do you suggest as an activity?" They assumed that this amount of money had a tremendous impact. Their faces fell when I suggested, in all seriousness, a filling station, hamburger stand, laundromat, radiorepair service, or vending-machine route. They wished something for which they could hire someone else to do the leg work.

I explained that every man has two assets, his services and his capital. His services, whether he is working for himself or for an employer, have an open-market value (probably \$350 a month for an inexperienced man with a college degree). The return to be expected from capital depends on the risk; 6% would be good if he wanted safety. Why should he expect more income unless he developed a special skill or took greater chances?

I told each man not to expect that his college degree or recent knowledge of the humanities will give any immediate edge over the high-school graduate who has already been on the job for four years; that comes later when he has caught up in applied knowledge. I explained that with few exceptions it takes money to make money in business. Someone has to put up the stake for equipment, inventory, and operating expenses before there is a dollar of income.

Probably the easiest and quickest way to become an independent businessman is to be a commission salesman or manufacturer's agent. You are given a sample kit, a price book, some order blanks, and a pat on the back. You are completely on your own and you sink or swim on your own. You do not have to tie up any capital in inventory or accounts receivable; neither do you get any salary or expense account. It stands to reason, however, that no one is going to give a very hot item or an established territory to an inexperienced salesman.

Some young men seem to think that if they have a new idea and good character they can borrow their starting money from a bank or from the Small Business administration without collateral. They do not understand that any new venture is a gamble, and that the lending institutions cannot see any merit in a transaction in which they stand to lose 100% or at best get their money back plus a small interest.

Private moneylenders are not interested in advancing money to set up a business; the anti-usury laws will not allow a rate of interest commensurate with the risk. Beware of any offer to lend you capital at the legal rate of interest plus outside considerations, such as a commission on sales or management fee.

I personally would rather see a young man work for someone else for ten years until he has learned the business and matured in his judgment. Then he can evaluate his own talents and the cost of getting started on his own.

I hate to watch some fine young man start his career with a blind stab at a hopeless venture, and then, after sweating it out for five years, have to give up and look for a job.

The personnel manager of the employing company asks him, "In what category do you classify yourself: design, production, sales, ac-

counting, administrative?"

The young man has to reply, "I have been the president of a company with three employees. I have a smattering of all functions but cannot say I am expert at any of them."

How can the personnel manager place him? The general experience is valuable, but he cannot put the young man in a job above more experienced men and he cannot start him at the bottom because he is too old or cannot live on a learner's pay.

Everything I have said, so far, has been negative. I admit that in most cases my advice is: "Drop the idea of self-employment. Get yourself a job with a good-sized company and invest your money in A T & T stock. If you have a yen to be an inventor, get a job as a designer; if you have already invented some gadget, turn

it over to a large manufacturer on a royalty basis. If you want to be a merchandiser, get a job with Sears, Roebuck. If you think you like manufacturing, try to get a job with some company in the \$5 million to \$10 million class, large enough to be solid, small enough to be personal. If you aim to be on your own eventually in insurance or real estate, spend some years under a first-class operator."

If you are completely vague about a career, go to some company that is expanding in an expanding industry and say, "I want a job in this company. I will do anything, go anywhere, and accept any pay you care to give me." In an expanding company there is likely to be more

rotation and upgrading.

I caution against starting with a small and young company, regardless of the charm of companionship, the early assumption of responsibility, and the dream of being in on the ground floor of what may someday grow rapidly in size. When, without special ability or experience, you start a new job, you are gambling on your ability to make good. If there is a chance that your employer will fail and go out of business, regardless of your ability, you are pyramiding the odds against you. In a small company there are few openings at the top, and these are closely held by the owners.

Generalizations are dangerous because they can be refuted by exceptions. You may be the exception. If you have determination and no silly scruples against long hours, dirty hands, and waiting on customers over the counter, you may be able to get into some service operation without much capital and without having to wait to get a liv-

ing wage.

Don't sneer at the small service operation. If you can learn that business and make good at it, you can expand indefinitely and eventually break into the big league. If you have enough capital to live on for two or three years, you should be able to set yourself up in some commission-selling operation that will snowball into a profitable business if you work hard on it. If you

have substantial capital, say \$50,000, you might buy a hardware store, where the assets are all in solid inventory and the momentum would carry the business until you learned how to run it.

There are always a few cases of brilliant young men who have had rapid and phenomenal success. Such men have an uncanny sense of timing and opportunity. They gamble cheerfully with their own and other people's money and start a second gamble before they know the results of the first one. In all such cases the individual would have been cleaned out if there had been any setback. We do not hear of those who gambled and lost.



FATIGUE DUTY

A particularly daring group of U.S. Air Force pilots were sent to scatter propaganda leaflets over Berlin one night during the 2nd World War.

All planes returned safely to the base except one. The pilots hung around

awaiting the missing member. Dawn came, but still no plane. Finally they heard the engines, and dashed out to the field. "Where have you been?" the operations officer demanded.

"Doing my duty, sir," said the youth. "I delivered the pamphlets."
"Well, how long does it take to drop a few bundles of leaflets?"

"Drop 'em?" gasped the pilot. "I was pushing 'em under doors!"

The American Weekly (2 Oct. '55).

A member of the British army's famous Grenadier Guards returned to London after the great evacuation at Dunkerque. For two days he had been among troops pinned down by machine-gun and artillery fire.

He met a friend in a pub. "Well, how was it?" the friend asked.

"Oh, not bad, really," replied the grenadier. "But, my dear fellow, the noise—and the people!"

London Calling.

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

We invite non-Catholics to submit questions about the Church. Write; we will have your question answered. If your question is selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to: Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: A lifelong friend of mine, baptized and confirmed in the Episcopal church, married a good Catholic and had three children. She is now a widow. Almost from the start, she and her husband quarreled over their children.

Before they married, she had repeatedly told her fiancé that she could never become a Catholic, and could not, in conscience, agree to raise any children in their father's faith. Nevertheless, she did sign promises to do so; after the children were born her husband kept reminding her of it. She realized that harmony was essential; so she reluctantly capitulated, and the children were being raised Catholic. But she felt resentful, left out. She wished her children to grow up tolerant, visiting other churches, respecting all sincere religions, and felt that her husband's Church rigidly barred such procedure.

After her husband died she moved back East to be near her parents, and suddenly the children were no longer attending a parochial school or going to Mass. They were attending an Episcopal Sunday school, finding a whole new outlook, and beginning to pelt her with questions. But now the oldest boy has begun to "investigate" Catholicism, and his mother is glad that he is having talks with a wonderful priest. They are now a very happy family—but the bitterness lingers on.

What right does any Church have to coerce any person into signing an agreement to raise any future children as Catholics? Isn't this contrary to the Constitution, which guarantees freedom of religion? How can anyone be free if he is rigidly reared in one Church?

These arguments come from my friend. I cannot believe that there is any "ulterior" motive in the Church's insistence that children of marriages solemnized by the Catholic Church be raised in that faith. I know that the Catholic Church claims to be the one and only Church of God. My own children attend the Episcopal church, but

they must make up their own minds about religion when they reach the proper age. And as my husband says, if we give them a sound rearing in belief in God, they'll decide rightly.

Mrs. W. R. Harris.

THE ANSWER By J. D. Conway

My dear Mrs. Harris, your question involves many problems. I readily distinguish five separate ones, all closely related.

1. Is the Church wrong in exercising authority, making laws for her people, apparently restricting their rights, and imposing duties on them?

2. Does this exercise of authority by the Church violate our American constitutional guarantee of freedom of religion?

3. Should children be raised to choose freely their own religion?

4. What are the consequences of the Catholic concept that there is only one true Church?

5. Is the Church tyrannical in requiring that the marriage promises be signed?

I shall try to propose some brief answers to each in turn.

1. Your question about authority, rights, and duties touches on the most frequent practical source of misunderstanding between Catholics and non-Catholics in America today. We all insist strongly upon our rights, but to the Catholic the authority of the Church is the

means of protecting our rights, whereas to Protestants the Church appears as an authoritarian dictator infringing on liberties.

If we are to understand rights, we must know that they are not conferred on us by the government, nor granted us by the Constitution. They are given us by God. Since God gives them to us we should exercise our rights in accordance with his wishes. Consequently, our rights are not unlimited. Our rights are restricted by our duties, which result from the rights of others: God and our fellow men.

God had a purpose in creating us. Our rights fit into that purpose. God had a purpose in redeeming us, and in revealing truths to us. We have no right to violate God's laws, reject his teachings, and lose our immortal souls. Neither do we have a right to lead another person to hell, or to permit someone for whom we are responsible to lose his soul. The father of a family assumes certain obligations to his wife and children. He has no right to renege, to let his family starve, physically or spiritually.

In human affairs, the proper regulation of rights and duties often requires authority. We have our Constitution to guarantee that certain basic rights will not be infringed. We have a government to determine in detail what our rights are and to protect us in them, to determine what our duties are, and to see that we perform them. When the

government uses its authority wisely and justly, for the common good, we certainly do not consider it in-

imical to our rights.

We have souls and are destined for heaven. So we have many rights and duties in the spiritual field. These come from God, too. But we frequently need an authority to determine them precisely and guide us in their exercise. We Catholics believe that our Lord Iesus Christ gave authority to his Church to protect our spiritual rights and direct us in our spiritual duties. She exercises her authority in his name, not arbitrarily, but for the general welfare of his flock, to help them live rightly here on earth and to get them safely to heaven. Her authority is in no way dictatorial; it is rather like the solicitude of a loving mother. She does not coerce, but insists on duties as a protection of rights.

2. We Americans often become confused on the subject of freedom of religion. Maybe one reason is that many of us have never read and understood the 1st Amendment to our Constitution. It begins: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exer-

cise thereof."

As traditionally interpreted by our Supreme Court, the general words of the 14th Amendment, "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United

States," prevent any one of the 48 states from making any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

So our American freedom of religion means simply this. There is no government church, no state church, no preferred church; and neither the U.S. government nor any of the states shall make a law which prohibits any person or group of persons from exercising their religion in accordance with their consciences.

It is because of the basic freedom thus guaranteed that Quakers are exempted from military duty as conscientious objectors, that Jehovah's Witnesses are permitted to annoy us with their phonographs and literature, and that the Catholic Church can refuse to grant a dispensation for one of her members to marry a non-Catholic unless the promises are signed.

Far from violating the "Freedom of Religion" clause of the Constitution, these promises are guaranteed and protected by that clause.

3. You can't raise children in a vacuum, or keep the child's mind carefully free of religious convictions and expect it to make an intelligent choice of religion. You show that you are more aware of this principle than you think. You are careful to give your children "a sound rearing in belief in God" so that they can decide rightly.

Now suppose that your husband were an atheist instead of a Chris-

tian. What would you do then? Would you be able to give them a "sound rearing in belief in God"? Your husband would object. Or suppose that a husband were a bank robber who believed proudly in the skills of his lucrative profession and decided to train his children early in the fine art of safecracking? Might his wife not run into conflict there?

You see my point, of course. Where mother and father have different convictions, there is surely going to be conflict or confusion in the teaching of their children, unless previous agreements are madeand kept. You can raise children moral, or immoral, or morally indifferent. But you can't raise them without some attitude on morality. You can raise them as believers, atheists or agnostics. Or you might confuse their minds hopelessly by mixing up all three beliefs. You can raise them as Protestants, Catholics or religious indifferentists. But you can't possibly leave their impressionable minds uninfluenced.

It all depends on the point of the conflict. You would be greatly concerned if you were not able to give your children a "sound rearing in belief in God." You do not happen to consider any particular denomination to be of vital importance. The Catholic is greatly concerned if he can not raise his children Catholic, because he does consider the faith a matter of vital importance. 4. And that brings us to a consideration of that basic Catholic concept, which irritates non-Catholics very much: that the Catholic Church is the one and only true Church of Jesus Christ. Of course you don't agree with us, or you would be a Catholic yourself. So argue with us, if you will; and try to prove us wrong, if you can; but admit it to be a fact that we Catholics are absolutely convinced that ours is the true Church.

Now, it is a logical consequence of this conviction that Catholics are strictly bound in conscience to raise their children Catholic, and they will know that they are guilty of serious sin if they neglect this obligation. Consider the point of view of a good Catholic father, like the husband of your lifelong friend.

He loves his children and wants them to be happy forever in heaven. He knows that the only means our Lord established on earth to get people to heaven is his Church. Can he be happy then if he sees his children outside that Church? Would he let his children risk damnation?

He believes that the Church is the Mystical Body of Christ, that it is the means of our intimate union with our Saviour. Through it we receive a share in his divine life, his grace, which is the means of our salvation, the beginning of our life of heaven. Can he bear to see his children deprived of such benefits?

He has great love for the truths taught by Christ: truths of love and

forgiveness, of redemption, and union with God Himself. Can he be content to deprive his children of these inspiring truths? Or have them taught only half of them? Or even hear some of them denied?

He loves the Saviour who died to redeem him. And he recalls many words of the Master similar to these: "I am the Good Shepherd... other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be but one fold and one Shepherd." Can he blithely close his ears to such an invitation of love? Missioners give their lives to heed these words.

He knows that religious indifference is one of the most dangerous spiritual epidemics of our time and country. As he sees his own children grow up without firm religious conviction, he knows that he is preparing them precisely for such indifference, and probably for a complete loss of faith.

Can a good father say, "I am going to be a Catholic and save my own soul; but let my children grow up and take their own chances. It is their life; they must be free. If they go to hell it's their own fault"? No, he knows that he will almost surely be there first to meet them when they arrive.

You believe in truthfulness, justice, and temperance; so you do not want your children raised as liars, thieves, or drunkards. Catholics believe firmly in God's Church; so a

Catholic will not have his children raised as atheists, heretics or agnostics.

5. To understand the reasonableness of the Church in demanding that the promises be signed, we must first recall how strong is the opposition of the Church to mixed marriages. It is not because of bigotry or prejudice that she opposes them. It is because her long experience has taught her the dangers they present.

There is danger of marital unhappiness and complete marriage failure. Religion can be an inspiring source of unity in marriage, when two people share intimately the same convictions, ideals, and aspirations, when they say their prayers together and make their sacrifices together, for the love of the same God. Religion is then something shared, as all married life should be shared. But religion can be a profound source of division when convictions clash and ideals diverge. Statistics indicate that there may be four or five times as many divorces in mixed marriages as in unions between two Catholics or two Protestants.

There is danger that the Catholic party may lose his faith. He may succumb to indifference, compromise, lack of support, discouragement, and the fatigue of conflict.

There is danger for the faith of the children. They will be bewildered by indifference, insecurity, conflict, and divided loyalties. The first duty of the Church, as a loving mother, is to guard the faith and morality of her children and get them to heaven. She wants to protect them from dangers. So she forbids mixed marriages. Her law is strongly worded. She intends it to be forceful.

Law is made for the general welfare. But a loving mother is always moved by exceptional needs. In a particular case, she judges that greater harm will be done one of her children if he must obey the law; so she begins to think about making an exception for him. She knows that exceptions weaken the law, and that others will want exceptions, too. But still she can not forget the particular needs of this one person.

She would be a poor mother, however, if she simply excused her child from the general law and let him face all the dangers, unprotected. If she did that she would be forgetting her primary purpose of looking out for his faith and morality and his soul's salvation. So she tries first to remove the dangers, or to give him protection against them. She does that by getting the parties to promise that there will be no loss of faith; and before she grants the dispensation she must have assurance that the promises will be truly kept.

If the Church did not insist on the obligation of Catholics to raise their children Catholic, she would have to deny that she is the one true Church, the Mystical Body of Christ.

If the Church were to grant a dispensation without requiring that the promises be signed, she would be giving formal permission for the children to be raised as pagans or heretics, or without any religion at all.

The Catholic has no quarrel with his Church in this matter. He knows that she is exercising her legitimate authority, as given her by her divine Founder, to protect his rights and his spiritual welfare. But what about the non-Catholic who is asked to sign? Is it not an imposition? Is it not coercion?

The Church has no law which touches the non-Catholic directly. Her laws are for the Catholic. She does not command the non-Catholic to sign. In many cases she would prefer that he refuse to sign. Then she could refuse to grant the dispensation.

Her law speaks to the Catholic party in this manner: You are asking that a dispensation be granted you, that you be exempted from the general law wisely made for the common good. Have you considered the dangers you will run if an exception is made? What assurance do we have that these dangers will not ruin you?

The Catholic party will reply: We have made very solemn promises, both of us, that my faith will not be endangered and that the faith of our children will be protected. You can believe us; we are very sincere about it.

It is only after the Church has assurance that the promises have been made and will be kept that she will grant a dispensation.

Is that coercion?

My word of advice to the non-

Catholic: Don't sign, unless you fully understand those promises in all their implications, and are sure that you can keep them. But once you have signed, keep them faithfully. Otherwise your betrayal of trust will guarantee the unhappiness of your marriage.

SPUD'S THANKSGIVING

By far the best Thanksgiving dinner I ever ate was really a breakfast. It happened this way.

Spud, the first cook of our headquarters staff at Camp Fillmore, was a topnotch chef. But everybody in the outfit disliked him personally. His moods ranged from grumpiness to downright ugliness. Ordinarily he spoke only to give surly orders to his assistant cooks, whom he regarded as barbarically incompetent.

He had one of the prized cubicles on the second floor of our barracks all to himself, because nobody had any desire to room with him. Off duty, he spent most of his time in his room, usually with the door shut, writing long letters. ("Poison-pen letters, I bet," one of the fellows declared.)

The afternoon of the day before Thanksgiving, 1943, our company clerk came into the barracks with the news that the commanding officer had just received a call from the Red Cross office. A message had come for Spud. His semi-invalid wife had given birth to a child; she was gravely ill. The Red Cross had secured a furlough for Spud; he could get a plane at 8 A.M. the next morning.

Nobody could think of anything to say to Spud. The wall of reserve had been built too high. But we all felt miserable; we realized that there had been a weighty cause for the cook's dour outlook. When the clerk passed a cigar box, the response was terrific. He put the money in Spud's foot locker with a note: "We know everything will be O.K."

None of us saw Spud that evening; and he left before we were up next day. But when the kitchen crew got to the mess hall to get breakfast, they found roast turkeys in the ovens and a full Thanksgiving dinner all ready. How Spud did it, all alone, nobody could figure out. He must have worked furiously every minute of the long, anxious night. That was one meal Spud wouldn't entrust to anybody else.

C.B.J.

Marriage and Money

The time to settle financial problems is before the wedding bells ring

Money is one of the major sources of friction, unhappiness, and even failure in marriages today. For greed has become a powerful factor in many lives.

The only way for a couple to offset the damaging power of greed is to face before marriage some of the problems that are bound to arise over money, and agree on principles they will follow. There is nothing to prevent already married couples from starting over on the basis of the same principles. But the best time to prevent money troubles is before marriage.

There are seven major areas of potential disagreement between husbands and wives over the subject of money.

1. Money before marriage. This problem usually takes the form of a question.

Do we have enough money, or the prospect of sufficient income, to maintain a home of our own, or to live a decent married life?

The answer is relative, depending on circumstances: whether the couple intends to live in a large city, a small town, or in the coun-



try; whether the husband-to-be is a steady worker; whether there are savings to start with or not.

But two clear extremes must be avoided. The first is that of rushing into marriage with only the dimmest prospects of maintaining any kind of home. The girl must be especially concerned. Unless she is well-off in her own name and willing to support a ne'er-do-well who wishes to marry her, she should make sure that the man has solid prospects of being able to support her and whatever family God sends.

This does not exclude confidence that God will provide for the future if the present looks favorable but not absolutely secure. It does exclude the folly of marrying a man who has nothing, earns little, spends wildly, and obviously will depend

^{*}Liguori, Mo. September, 1956. © 1956 by the Redemptorist Fathers, and reprinted with permission.

largely on his wife's income or his wife's folks.

The other extreme is that of putting off marriage until the couple has saved enough money to step right into luxury. This attitude has been responsible for many a man's putting marriage off for years, after falling in love with a girl. It is responsible for many sins of impurity before marriage.

Principles (for girls): Don't marry a man who is both penniless and shiftless. He will never support you. Stop going with a man who wishes five to ten years before marriage to build up a fortune. He will be more interested in his money than in you.

2. Money and secrecy. Heartbreaks often result from selfish secrecy about money on the part of a husband or wife.

Is it proper or advisable for a man and woman to withhold from each other the facts about assets and income, either before or after marriage?

Marriage is a complete partnership until death, in which wife and husband are to hold each other as dearer than all other persons in the world. If the man owns some lucrative property and has a few thousand dollars in bonds, and makes \$100 or more a week at his job, and feels that he cannot trust the woman he wants to marry with full information, there is something wrong with his love for her. Shadows will soon darken their marriage. If the woman thinks it necessary to keep from the man who wants to marry her all knowledge of her personal possessions, she, too, is lacking in necessary trust.

After marriage, if the husband feels that he must not let his wife know how much money he earns, what raises he gets, what investments he makes, he is practicing a form of selfishness contrary to the spirit of partnership and true love. Yet this selfish secretiveness about money is too common a trait of husbands today. Many husbands keep their incomes secret to indulge themselves secretly.

Even when it comes to making wills, husbands and wives should let each other know just what they are doing with their estates, small or large.

Of course, there should be no secretiveness about personal debts before or after marriage.

Principles: When we take each other "to have and to hold . . . for richer, for poorer," we shall have no secrets from each other about our personal financial affairs. "Until death do us part" we shall keep each other informed about any personal income or possessions we receive. Neither of us will contract a personal debt without first talking it over with the other.

3. Money and home management. In general, the husband earns the money, the wife administers and manages the home.

Most of the management problems solve themselves when the big problem of secrecy has been averted. When both husband and wife know exactly what assets the partnership has, many arguments will be avoided. But two problems may yet arise.

Should the home be managed on

the basis of a strict budget?

This question involves a wide variety of temperamental differences. Some men and women like to do nothing with their money unless they have first budgeted every expenditure. Others are disinclined to worry about planning disbursements. Rarely do two equally budget-minded people get together in marriage. Self-discipline and compromise are absolutely necessary for both partners.

How much, if any, debt should be incurred in providing material

things for a home?

Here again, differences of temperament come in. One person instinctively hates being in debt, and would rather deprive himself of quasi necessities than borrow to get them. At the other extreme is the person who, if not checked, would without a qualm fill his (or her) home with furnishings bought on time.

In general, the less debt a couple assumes, the better off they will be. Yet, figures established by domestic economists show what proportion of family incomes can be allocated to paying off debts without economic insecurity.

Principles: We shall aim at living according to a pre-arranged budget, but never make the budget so important that failure to observe it will cause us to quarrel. We shall try to avoid going into debt, but not to the extent of depriving each other of important conveniences when the indebtedness incurred is not unreasonable.

4. Money and children. This cause of possible disagreement between husbands and wives is responsible for countless sins against

marriage.

What person has not heard the offhand remark of husbands or wives in these days of plenty, "It just costs too much to have more than one or two children; that's why we practice contraception"? The sad point is that so many who make the remark, and thus publicly admit to living their married lives in a constant state of mortal sin, have ample resources to take care of any children God might send. Even abject poverty can never justify contraception.

At the same time, there is, as Pope Pius XII has pointed out, a condition of poverty or lack of material means that makes lawful the use of rhythm when there is meager prospect of providing adequately for children. The difficult question is this.

By what standards can a married couple judge that financial insecurity renders rhythm justifiable?

First of all, this should be said. They are not to be condemned or disapproved, but are rather to be honored and applauded, who, though they do not have great material conveniences, do have a steady income and a great confidence in God, and on that basis accept a large family. They are on the side of the angels; they are usually much happier than their affluent but small-family neighbors; and their trust in God never goes unrewarded.

However, it is not unreasonable for a couple who are quite deeply in debt, who, through economic recession or illness, have little prospect of getting out of debt for some time, to agree to practice rhythm for a certain time, provided they can do

so without falling into sin. These norms may be followed. 1. Low-income husbands and wives may practice rhythm (always presuming they can do so without sinning) for some months up to a year or so after a child is born, to space their children and their expenses reasonably. 2. Husbands and wives who have, through extraordinary misfortunes, fallen deeply into debt and far behind in payments, may practice rhythm until they reach a point where the payments can be kept up without excessive deprivation. We do not say "until all debts are paid," because merely being in debt does not necessarily constitute poverty, surely not when the debts can be paid off on a regular schedule.

Principles: 1. We shall never use lack of material things as a reason for sins of contraception. 2. We shall never permit the desire for luxuries or unnecessary conveniences to induce us either to commit sin, or to adopt the practice of rhythm for long periods of time. 3. If our economic situation becomes bad, we shall lay our situation before a trusted confessor or spiritual advisor, and follow his recommendations.

 Money and relatives. Quarrels over in-laws, especially over use of money from or for in-laws, are far too common.

If a married couple lives with the parents of either, danger always exists that the parents will wield more authority over their child than the child's partner in marriage does. The same thing can happen when wealthy parents ply a married child with money and expensive gifts.

In such cases, the partner of the pampered one usually ends up by being neglected and hurt, instead of being cherished and loved above all others. There is nothing wrong in a married person's receiving gifts from parents, as long as they are entered at once into the marriage partnership and made to serve the happiness of both husband and wife.

If a married couple is prosperous, both should be willing to give reasonable help to poor relatives on either side. But while they are still struggling, one should not make the other suffer by reason of secret or excessive donations to relatives. Charity is a wonderful virtue, and will always be rewarded, except when practiced at the expense of

happiness in a marriage.

Principles: 1. We shall establish our home away from our relatives as soon as possible, always remembering that we owe our first love to each other, not to the family we leave. 2. Whatever gifts either of us get will be received for both. 3. Whenever the question of helping a poor relative arises, nothing will be done without consultation, compromise if necessary, and final agreement.

6. Money and recreation.

Many husbands think that because they earn the money they have a perfect right to spend as much as they please on personal recreation. Such is usually the husband who gives nothing to his wife for her personal recreation, sometimes nothing even for her personal needs.

There is also the wife who, though her husband is generous and openhanded with the money he makes, does not keep up her part of the marriage bargain. She neglects her home, gadding about; splurges on gadgets and clothes; demands servants to do her work even though they cannot be afforded.

Such tragedies can be prevented only when both partners are willing

from the start to sacrifice much of their personal desire for recreation to the success of their marriage.

Principles (for the husband): 1. I shall never claim the spurious right to spend as much as I wish on my own recreation simply because I am the wage earner of the family. 2. I shall always recognize my wife's need of recreation and some personal spending money, and grant her equal opportunities with those I shall expect for myself. (For the wife): 1. I shall not neglect home for hobbies, nor spend excessively when my husband trusts me with money. 2. I shall not resent my husband's reasonable personal expenditures, as I trust him not to resent mine. (For both): We shall try to enjoy as much of our leisure time together as we can, always leaving to each other room for personal activities.

7. Over money and jobs two questions often arise.

The first is this. Does the wife have anything to say about the kind of job her husband takes to make a

living for his family?

According to strict right, the answer is No. It is his task to choose the work he will do. It is the wife's task to encourage him; to follow him if his job requires moving; to put all her effort into making a good home for him.

It is not wrong for her to suggest, if it seems good to her, that he seek or take a better job; but it is very wrong for her to nag at him because he doesn't make enough money to suit her, or to whine that he should take up work for which he knows he is not suited.

The second question is this: When is it right and proper for the wife to take a job to supplement the family income?

The general principle is: wives should not take jobs except under pressure of great necessity, or when extraordinary reasons warrant it.

Great necessity is present when the husband suffers a lingering illness and cannot support the family. It is also present when the husband's income is absolutely insufficient to provide necessities. It is not present merely because the wife would like certain conveniences and luxuries. It is far better for a wife to be at home taking care of a growing family without luxuries than to be out working every day while her children are neglected.

There are cases, however, in which, without great economic ne-

cessity it is not wrong for a wife to take a job outside the home. A wife who cannot have children by reason of sterility, and who can work out and at the same time keep up a decent home for her husband, might avoid the danger of idleness through a job. The same thing is sometimes true of a mother whose children are grown and have left home. The important point is that a wife must never avoid having a family, nor evade the duty of raising her family properly, for the sake of earning extra luxuries.

Principles (for the husband): I shall be the breadwinner of the family, and shall not expect my wife to neglect home and children for extra income unless extraordinary circumstances indicate a real need. (For the wife): My job as wife and mother will be to keep up a good home and raise our children properly; I shall never permit greed or selfishness to induce me to neglect these tasks for the sake of extra income.



COALS TO YOKOHAMA

An exchange student from Tokyo who enrolled at a midwestern college last month found that one of the courses required of all freshmen at the school was orientation. Deeply puzzled, he went to see the dean of studies.

"Sir," he said, "it was not necessary for me to travel thousands of miles to become *oriented*." Then, after struggling for a word, he explained, "I desire to be *oxidized*." William H. Anthony in the Rotarian.

The Centuries of Santa Fe

Review by Francis Beauchesne Thornton

ANTA FE WAS FOUNDED in 1610, ten years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Spanish soldiers raised the mission cross beneath the Sangre de Christo (Blood of Christ) mountains. Mass was offered, and the city was named the Holy Faith of St. Francis of Assisi, or Santa Fe.

The new city grew in an atmosphere at once exciting and ascetic. Work was the law for everyone who wanted to eat. Most settlers had come hoping to find gold and silver. Instead, they discovered calloused hands: every last man of them had to be carpenter, mason, farmer, and soldier. The Pueblo Indians were docile, but always at the mercy of their pagan fears, and the evil prompting of the wild Indians of the plains.

By August, 1680, the harsh policies of the governors, working against the humanizing influence of the friars, led to an Indian revolt. Churches were burned, priests and settlers hacked to pieces in the farflung pueblos*and farms. Santa Fe withstood a short siege. Then, the governor and a few survivors broke from the burning city and fled south across the Rio Grande.

Governor Vargas reconquered the

territory ten years later, and firmly established the Spanish authority in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. The mission civilization flourished in the royal capital of Santa Fc. Something of Spanish splendor blossomed in the new land. Then came the Mexican revolution, and finally the U.S. conquest. South and North were wed in a new union in which the go-getter qualities of the Yankee were grafted onto the softer Spanish vine.

The Spanish gave more than they got from their conquerors. The result was a city and a culture far in advance of the Yankee cities of the North.

This rich story has long wanted telling. Few Americans know anything of the fine things in poetry, architecture, manners, and culture that came to our nation by way of Spain. Fortunately, the man who chose to tell the story of Santa Fe is Paul Horgan, Pulitzer prize winner, magnificent storyteller, poet, and historian. Like Francis Parkman, he knows how to make the past live again in colorful and unforgettable pageantry.

Horgan has chosen a series of composite characters from the various distinct periods of Santa Fe's history, and in their persons has brought out the feel, the glow, and the luster of entire sweeps of history.

He says of the method employed, "Using real traditions, events, and many real persons I have wanted to bring alive the historical realities of the past rather in the way of the documentary film, in which we see true experience over the shoulder, as it were, of a protagonist who is also a participant with whom the reader may identify himself. To make this process of identification more inviting, I have kept each of my protagonists anonymous. But each, as a composite character, is as typical of his period as I could make him, and his experiences are suggested in every case by historical records and archives."

In the first days of Santa Fe, a royal notary was exiled from Mexico City to Santa Fe. In the hardworking town, he might have found despair. Instead, he discovered completeness and the song of life in the daughter of the royal constable.

"She was 16 years old. Her small, delicate head was full of memories of this new land at its hardest, for she had been born in the river capital of San Gabriel. She was six years old when the colony moved to found Santa Fe. The young notary sometimes gazed at her in wonderment. She had never seen Madrid, or even the City of Mexico, and yet, when on feast days she ap-

peared in the heavy silks and velvets of state, dresses made over from magnificent clothing brought here long ago by her mother, she was a proud little figure, enclosed in a miniature formality that made him kindle secretly with sweetness and amusement."

Real persons throng through the book: Gen. Lew Wallace; Bandelier, the famous student of Indian lore; General Kearney; and others.

Horgan gives us an extended portrait of Willa Cather's Archbishop Lamay. "The bishop was tall and sparely built. He stood very straight. His cassock was black, piped in violet, with violet silk buttons all down its front. He wore a violet silk skullcap, and a wide sash of heavy silk of the same color. His forehead was open and broad, and the bony structure showed in his head and face. His brows, cheeks, and jaw were all marked with sharp shadow made by the thinly fleshed bones of his skull.

"In repose, his face was grave and almost sad, with a falling line to his broad mouth. But when he smiled, the effect was one of light. His eyes kindled, his cheeks rose, his lips made a challenge to copy his radiant good feeling. From many years in the open weather, he was deeply, and it seemed permanently, tanned. He spoke both English and Spanish with a French accent, for he was a Frenchman, from the Auvergne, a land which he had left 31 years before to come to America as a young

priest." His last years and inspiring death are treated with a completeness and tenderness Cather herself would have envied.

The Centuries of Santa Fe is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Înc., New York City (384 pp. \$5to Book Club members \$2.95)

ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (PAGE 81)

- 1. dejected (de-jek'ted)
- e) Low spirited; emotionally "thrown

The prisoner wore a dejected expression.

- 2. conjecture (kon-jek'tur)
- g) An opinion "thrown together" upon insufficient evidence.

Your conjecture sounds unreasonable.

- 3. adjective (aj'ek-tiv)
- j) In grammar, a word that modifies a noun or pronoun; word "thrown toward" noun or pronoun.

In the phrase "down long steps," "long" is an adjective.

- 4. projectile (pro-jek'til)
- h) A body thrown forth by exterior force, as a missile from a firearm or cannon.

One high-explosive projectile demolished the building.

5. ejecta (e-jek'ta)

k) Matter thrown out, as from a vol-

The ejecta from the volcano flew hundreds of feet into the air.

- 6. interjection (in-ter-jek'shun)
- b) In grammar, an exclamation thrown into a sentence.

"Wow!" is an example of an interjection.

- 7. inject (in-jekt')
- c) To drive, force, or throw in. Why inject such rancor into what should be a friendly discussion?
- 8. objectify (ob-jek'ti-fi)
- d) Externalize; throw toward an end; to express in a concrete form.

The weird sisters in Macbeth objectify evil.

9. abject (ab'jekt)

f) Degraded; "cast off" into extreme lowness of station.

Millions of Orientals still live in abject poverty.

- 10. disjection (dis-jek'shun)
 - a) Act of scattering, throwing asunder. Violence and disjection are fruits of revolution.
- 11. subjection (sub-jek'shun)
- 1) Act of bringing under control or dominion; a "throwing under" or subjugation.

Lenin's dream was the subjection and Sovietizing of the whole world.

12. reject (re-jekt')

i) To refuse to acknowledge; to throw back or discard.

The judge may reject your claims.

(All correct: excellent; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair)

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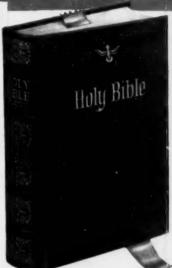
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